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THE Hiſtorie of Troylus and Creſſeida.

As it was acted by the Kings Maieſties ſeruants at the Globe.

Written by William Shakeſpeare.

George Steevens.

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The hiſtory of *Troylus* and *Creſſeida*.

Enter Pandarus *and* Troylus.

Troy. CAll heere my varlet, Ile vnarme againe,
Why ſhould I warre without the walls of Troy:
That finde ſuch cruell battell here within,
Each Troyan that is maiſter of his heart,
Let him to field *Troylus* alas hath none.
Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?
Troy. The Greeks are ſtrong and skilfull to their ſtrength
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceneſſe valiant,
But I am weaker then a womans teare;
Tamer then ſleepe;fonder then ignorance,
Leſſe valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skilleſſe as vnpractiz'd infancy:
Pan. Well,I haue told you enough of this; for my part ile not meddle nor make no farther;hee that will haue a cake out of the wheate muſt tarry the grynding.
Tro. Haue I not tarried?
Pan. I the grinding;but you muſt tarry the boulting.
Troy. Haue I not tarried?
Paude. I the boulting;but you muſt tarry the leauening.
Troy. Still haue I tarried.
Pan. I,to the leauening, but heares yet in the word hereafter,the kneading,the making of the cake, the heating the ouen,and the baking, nay you muſt ſtay the cooling too,or yea may chance burne your lippes.
Troy. Pacience her ſelfe, what Godeſſe ere ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſuffrance then I do:
At *Priams* royall table do I ſit
And when faire *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,
So traitor then ſhe comes when ſhe is thence.
Pand. Well ſhee lookt yeſternight fairer then euer I ſaw her looke, or any woman els.
Troy. I was about to tell thee when my heart,

As wedged with a ſigh would riue in twaine,
Leaſt *Hector* or my father ſhould perceiue mee:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a ſcorne)
Buried this ſigh in wrincle of a ſmyle,
But ſorrow that is coucht in ſeeming gladneſſe,
Is like that mirth fate turnes to ſuddaine ſadneſſe.

Pan: And her haire were not ſome-what darker then *Hellens*, well go to, there were no more compariſon betweene the women! but for my part ſhe is my kinſwoman, I would not as they tearme it praiſe her, but I would ſom-body had heard her talke yeſter-day as I did, I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandræs* wit, but------

Troy. Oh *Pandarus* I tell thee *Pandarus*,
When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drown'd
Reply not in how many fadomes deepe,
They lie indrench'd, I tell thee I am madde:
In *Creſſids* loue? thou anſwer'ſt ſhe is faire,
Powreſt in the open vlcer of my heart:
Her eyes, her haire, her cheeke, her gate, her voice,
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe: O that her hand
In whoſe compariſon all whites are ynke
Writing their owne reproch; to whoſe ſoft ſeiſure,
The cignets downe is harſh, and ſpirit of ſence:
Hard as the palme of plow-man; this thou telſt me,
As true thou telſt me, when I ſay I loue her,
But ſaying thus in ſteed of oyle and balme,
Thou layſt in euery gaſh that loue hath giuen mee
The knife that made it.

Pan: I ſpeake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou doſt not ſpeake ſo much.

Pan: Faith Ile not meddle in it, let her bee as ſhee is, if ſhe bee faire tis the better for her, and ſhee bee not, ſhe has the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus* how now *Pandarus*?

Pan: I haue had my labour for my trauell, ill thought on of her, and ill thought of you, gon betweene and betweene, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan.

Pan. Becauſe ſhee's kin to me therefore ſhee's not ſo faire as *Hellen*, and ſhe were kin to me, ſhe would be as faire a Friday as *Hellen*, is on Sunday, but what I? I care not and ſhee were a blackeamore, tis all one to mee.

Troy. Say I ſhe is not faire?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no, ſhe's a foole to ſtay behinde her father let her to the Greekes, and ſo Ile tell her the next time I ſee her for my part Ile meddle nor make no more ith'matter.

Troy. Pandarus. *Pan.* Not I.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus.*

Pan. Pray you ſpeake no more to mee I will leaue all as I found it and there an end. *Exit.*

Sound alarum.

Troy. Peace you vngracious clamors, peace rude ſounds,
Fooles on both ſides, *Helleu* muſt needes be faire,
When with your bloud you daylie paint her thus,
I cannot fight vpon this argument:
It is too ſtaru'd a ſubiect for my ſword,
But *Pandarus*: O gods! how do you plague me
I cannot come to *Creſſid* but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be wood to woe,
As ſhe is ſtubborne, chaſt, againſt all ſuite.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* loue
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India* there ſhe lies, a pearle,
Betweene our Ilium, and where ſhee reides
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood:
Our ſelfe the Marchant, and this ſayling *Pandar*,
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our barke.

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now prince *Troylus*, wherefore not a field.

Troy. Becauſe not there; this womans anſwer ſorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What newes *Æneas* from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home and hurt.

Troy. By whom *Æneas*?

Æne. Troylus by *Menelaus.*

Troy. Let *Paris* bleed tis but a scar to scorne,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne. *Alarum.*
Æne. Harke what good sport is out of towne to day.
Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:
But to the sport abrode are you bound thither?
Æne. In all swift hast.
Troy. Come goe wee then togither. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cressid *and her man.*

Cres. Who were those went by?
Man. Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen.*
Cres. And whether goe they?
Man. Vp to the Eatterne tower,
Whose hight commands as subiect all the vaile,
To see the battell: *Hector* whose pacience,
Is as a vertue fixt, to day was mou'd:
Hee chid *Andromache* and strooke his armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in warre
Before the Sunne rose, hee was harnest lyte,
And to the field goes he; where euery flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it foresawe,
In *Hectors* wrath. *Cres.* What was his cause of anger.
Man. The noise goes this, there is amonge the Greekes,
A Lord of Troian bloud, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Aiax*. *Cres.* Good; and what of him.
Man. They say hee is a very man *per se* and stands alone.
Cres. So do all men vnlesse the are dronke, sicke, or haue no legges.
Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their particular additions, hee is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish as the Beare, slowe as the Elephant: a man into whome nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crusht into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any mã an attaint, but he carries some staine of it. Hee is melancholy without cause and merry against the haire, hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus*, many hands, & no vse: or purblinde *Argus*, al eyes, and no sight.

Cres.

Cres. But how should this man that makes me smile, make *Hector* angry.
Man They say hee yesterday cop't *Hector* in the battell and stroke him downe, the disdaine and shame whereof hath euer since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.
Cres. Who comes here.
Man Maddam your vncle *Pandarus.*
Cres. *Hectors* a gallant man.
Man As may be in the world Lady.
Pand. Whats that? whats that?
Cres. Good morrow vncle *Pandarus.*
Pan. Good morrow cozen *Cressid*: what doe you talke of? good morrow *Alexander*: how doe you cozen: when were you at Illum? *Cres.* This morning vncle.
Pan. What were you talking of when I came? was *Hector* arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium, *Hellen* was not vp was she? *Cres.* *Hector* was gone but *Hellen* was not vp?
Pan. E'ene so, *Hector* was stirring early.
Cres. That were wee talking of, and of his anger.
Pan: Was he angry? *Cres:* So he saies here.
Pan: True hee was so; I know the cause to, heele lay about him to day I can tel them that, & ther's *Troylus* will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of *Troylus*; I can tell them that too. *Cres.* What is he angry too?
Pan: Who *Troylus*? *Troylus* is the better man of the two:
Cres: Oh *Iupiter* ther's no comparison.
Pan: What not betweene *Troylus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you see him?
Cres: I, if I euer saw him before and knew him:
Pan: Well I say *Troylus* is *Troylus:*
Cres. Then you say as I say, for I am sure hee is not *Hector.*
Pan. No nor *Hector* is not *Troylus* in some degrees.
Cres. Tis iust, to each of them he is himselfe.
Pan. Himselfe, alas poore *Troylus* I would he were.
Cres. So he is.
Pan: Condition I had gone bare-foot to India.
Cres. He is not *Hector.*
Pan. Himselfe? no? hee's not himselfe, would a were himselfe,

ſelfe, well the Gods are aboue, time muſt friend or end well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*.

Creſ. Excuſe me. *Pand.* He is elder.

Creſ. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pand. Th'others not come too't, you ſhall tell me another tale when th'others come too't, *Hector* ſhall not haue his will this yeare.

Creſ. He ſhall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Pand. Nor his qualities.

Creſ. No matter. *Pand.* Nor his beautie.

Creſ. I would not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You haue no iudgement neece; *Hellen* her ſelfe ſwore th'other day that *Troylus* for a browne fauour (*for ſo tis I muſt confeſſe*) not browne neither.

Creſ. No, but browne.

Pand. Faith to ſay truth, browne and not browne.

Creſ. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pand. She praiſd his complexion aboue *Paris*,

Creſ. Why *Paris* hath colour inough. *Pand.* So he has.

Creſ. Then *Troylus* ſhould haue too much, if ſhee praizd him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, hee hauing colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Helens* golden tongue had commended *Troylus* for a copper noſe.

Pand. I ſweare to you I thinke *Helen* loues him better then *Paris*.

Creſ. Then ſhees a merry greeke indeed.

Pand. Nay I am ſure ſhe dooes, ſhe came to him th'other day into the compaſt window, and you know hee has not paſt three or foure haires on his chinne.

Creſ. Indeed a Tapſters Arithmetique may ſoone bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound lifte as much as his brother *Hector*.

Creſ. Is he ſo yong a man, and ſo old a lifter.

Pand But to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues him, ſhee came and puts mee her white hand to his clouen chin.

Creſ. *Iuno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?

Pand

Pan. Why, you know tis dimpled, I thinke his ſmyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia. *Creſ.* Oh he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Dooes hee not?

Creſ. Oh yes, and twere a clowd in *Autumne*.

Pan. Why go to then, but to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues *Troylus*.

Creſ. *Troylus* wil ſtand to thee proofe if youle prooue it ſo.

Pan. *Troylus*, why hee eſteemes her no more then I eſteeme an addle egge.

Creſ. If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head you would eate chickens ith ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to thinke how ſhe tickled his chin, indeed ſhee has a marueil's white hand I muſt needs confeſſe.

Creſ. Without the rack.

Pan. And ſhee takes vpon her to ſpie a white heare on his chinne.

Creſ. Alas poore chin many a wart is ritcher.

Pan. But there was ſuch laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

Creſ. With milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Creſ. But there was a more temperate fire vnder the por of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Creſ. At what was all this laughing.

Pan. Marry at the white heare that *Hellen* ſpied on *Troylus* chin.

Creſ. And t'had beene a greene heare I ſhould haue laught too.

Pan. They laught not ſo much at the heare as at his pretty anſwere.

Creſ. What was his anſwere?

Pan. Quoth ſhee heere's but two and fifty heires on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Creſ. This is her queſtion.

Pan. Thats true, make no queſtion of that, two and fiftie

heires quoth hee, and one white, that white heire is my father, and all the reſt are his ſonnes. *Iupiter* quoth ſhee, which of theſe heires is *Paris* my husband? the forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was ſuch laughing, and *Hel'en* ſo bluſht, and *Paris* ſo chaf't, and all the reſt ſo laught that it paſt.

Creſ. So let it now for it has beene a great while going by.

Pan. Wel cozen I tould you a thing yeſterday, think on't.

Creſ. So I doe.

Pan. Ile be ſworne tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill. *Sound a retreate.*

Creſ. And Ile ſpring vp in his teares an'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, ſhall we ſtand vp here and ſee them as they paſſe toward Ilion, good Neece do, ſweete Neece *Creſſeida.*

Creſ. At yoúr pleaſure.

Pan. Heere, here, here's an excellent place, here wee may ſee moſt bravely, ile tell you them all by their names, as they paſſe by, but marke *Troylus* aboue the reſt. *Enter Æneas.*

Creſ. Speake not ſo lowde.

Pan. Thats *Æneas*, is not that a braue man, hees one of the flowers of Troy I can tell you, but marke *Troylus*, you ſhal ſee anon.

Creſ. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. Thats *Antenor*, he has a ſhrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's man good enough, hees one o'th ſoundeſt iudgements in Troy whoſoeuer, and a proper man of perſon. when comes *Troylus*, ile ſhew you *Troylus* anon, if hee ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at mee.

Creſ. Will he giue you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Creſ. If he do the rich ſhall haue more. *Enter Hector.*

Pan. Thats *Hector*, that, that, looke you that, there's a fellow! goe thy way *Hector*, there's a braue man Neece, O braue *Hector*, looke how hee lookes, theres a countenance, iſt not a braue man?

Creſ. O a braue man.

Pan: Is a not? it doees a man heart good, looke you what hacks are on his helmet, looke you yonder, do you ſee, looke you there, there's no ieſting, there's laying on, takt off, who will as they ſay, there be hacks.

Creſ. Be thoſe with ſwords.

Enter Paris.

Pan: Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to him, its all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*, looke yee yonder Neece, iſt not a gallant man to, iſt not, why this is braue now, who ſaid he came hurt home to day, Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellens* heart good now ha? would I could ſee *Troylus* now, you ſhall ſee *Troylus* anon.

Creſ. Whoſe that?

Enter Helenus.

Pan. Thats *Helenus*, I maruell where *Troylus* is, thats *Helenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day, that's *Helenus*.

Creſ: Can *Helenus* fight vncle?

Pan: Helenus no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where *Troylus* is; harke doe you not here the people crie *Troylus*? *Helenus* is a prieſt;

Creſ: What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troylus.

Pand: Where? yonder? thats *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troylus*! theres a man Neece, hem? braue *Troylus* the Prince of chiualrie.

Creſ. Peace for ſhame peace.

Pan. Marke him, note him: O braue *Troylus*, looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his ſword is bloudied, and his helme more hackt then *Hectors*, and how hee lookes, and how hee goes? O admirable youth, hee neuer ſaw three and twenty, go thy way *Troylus*, go thy way, had I a ſiſter were a grace, or a daughter a Goddeſſe, hee ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is dust to him, and I warrant *Hellen* to change would giue an eye to boote.

Creſ. Here comes more.

Pa. Aſſes, fooles, donkis, chaff & bran, chaff & bran, porredge after meate, I could liue and die in the eyes of *Troylus*, neere

looke, nere looke, the Eagles are gonne, crowes and dawes, crowes and dawes, I had rather bee such a man as *Troylus*, then *Agamemnon* and all Greece.

Cres. There is amongst the Greekes *Achilles* a better man then *Troylus*.

Pan. *Achilles*, a dray-man, a porter, a very Camell.

Cres. Well, well:

Pan. Well, well, why haue you any discretion, haue you any eyes, doe you know what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, man-hood, learning, gentlenesse, vertue, youth, liberallity and such like, the spice & salt that season a man.

Cres. I a minst man, and then to bee bak't with no date in the pie, for then the mans date is out:

Pan. You are such a woman a man knowes not at what ward you lie:

Cres. Vpon my backe to defend my bellie, vpon my wit to defend my wiles, vpon my secrecy to defend mine honesty, my maske to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these: and at al these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay Ile watch you for that: and thats one of the chiefest of them two: if I cannot ward what I would not haue hit: I can watch you for telling how I tooke the blowe vnlesse it swell past hiding: and then its past watching:

Pan: You are such another: *Enter Boy:*

Boy: Sir my Lord would instantlie speake with you.

Pan: Where?

Boy: At your owne house there he vnarmes him.

Pan: Good boy tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt, fare ye well good Neice: *Cres:* Adiew vncle:

Pan: I wilbe with you Neice by and by:

Cres: To bring vncle: *Pan:* I a token from *Troylus*.

Cres: By the same token you are a Bawde,

Words, vowes, gifts, teares and loues full sacrifize:
He offers in anothers enterprize,
But more in *Troylus* thousand fould I see,
Then in the glasse of *Pandars* praise may bee:

Yet hold I off: women are angels woing,
„Things woone are done, ioyes soule lies in the dooing.
That shee belou'd, knows naught that knows not this,
„Men price the thing ygaind more then it is,
That she was neuer yet that euer knew
Loue got so sweet, as when desire did sue,
Therefore this *maxim* out of loue I teach,
" *Atchiuement is command; ungaind beseech,*
Then though my hearts content firme loue doth beare,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*

Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Vlisses, Diomedes,
Menelaus *with others.*

Aga. Princes: what griefe hath set these Iaundies ore your (cheekes?
The ample proposition that hope makes,
In all designes begun on earth below,
Failes in the promist largenesse, checks and disasters,
Grow in the vaines of actions highest reard,
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infects the sound Pine, and diuerts his graine,
Tortiue and errant from his course of growth.
Nor Princes is it matter new to vs,
That we come short of our suppose so farre,
That after seauen yeares siege, yet Troy walls stand,
Sith euer action that hath gone before,
Whereof we haue record, triall did draw,
Bias and thwart: not answering the ayme,
And that vnbodied figure of the thought,
That gau't surmised shape: why then you Princes,
Do you with cheekes abasht behold our workes,
And call them shames which are indeed naught else,
But the protractiue tryals of great *Ioue*,
To finde persistiue constancie in men.
The fineneſse of which mettall is not found,
In fortunes loue: for then the bould and coward,
The wise and foole, the Artist and vnread,
The hard and soft seeme all affin'd and kin,
But in the winde and tempest of her frowne,
Distinction with a brea'd and powerfull fan,

Puffing at all, winnowss the light away,
And what hath maſſe or matter by it ſelfe,
Lyes rich in vertue and vnmingled.
Neſtor. With due obſeruance of the godlike ſeate,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words. In the reproofe of chance,
Lies the true proofe of men: the ſea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boates dare ſaile,
Vpon her ancient breſt, making their way
With thoſe of nobler bulke?
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold
The ſtrong ribbd barke through liquid mountaines cut,
Bounding betweene the two moyſt elements,
Like *Perſeus* horſe. Where's then the ſawcie boate,
Whoſe weake vntymberd ſides but euen now
Corriuald greatneſſe? either to harbor fled,
Or made a toſſe for *Neptune*: euen ſo
Doth valours ſhew, and valours worth deuide
In ſtormes of fortune; for in her ray and brightneſſe
The heard hath more annoyance by the Bryze
Then by the Tyger, but when the ſplitting winde,
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Okes,
And Flies fled vnder ſhade, why then the thing of courage,
As rouzd with rage, with rage doth ſimpathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelfe ſame key,
Retires to chiding fortune.
Vliſſ. Agamemnon,
Thou great Commander, nerues and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, ſoule and onely ſpright,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut vp: heere what *Vliſſes* ſpeakes,
Beſides th'applauſe and approbation,
The which moſt mighty (for thy place and ſway
And thou moſt reuerend) for the ſtretcht out life,
I giue to both your ſpeeches; which were ſuch
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece,
Should hold vp high in braſſe, and ſuch againe

As venerable *Neſtor* (hatcht in ſiluer)
Should with a bond of ayre ſtrong as the Axel-tree,
(On which heauen rides) knit all the Greekiſh eares
To his experienc't tongue, yet let it pleaſe both
Thou great and wiſe, to heare *Vliſſes* ſpeake.
Troy yet vpon his baſes had beene downe,
And the great *Hectors* ſword had lackt a maſter
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpecialtie of rule hath beene neglected,
And looke how many Grecian tents do ſtand,
Hollow vpon this plaine, ſo many hollow factions,
When that the generall is not like the hiue,
To whom the forragers ſhall all repaire,
What honey is expected? Degree being viſarded
Th'vnworthieſt ſhewes as fairly in the maske.
The heauens them-ſelues, the plannets and this center
Obſerue degree, prioritie and place,
In ſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, forme,
Office and cuſtome, in all line of order.
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpherd,
Amidſt the other; whoſe medcinable eye,
Corrects the influence of euill Planets,
And poſts like the Commandment of a King,
Sans check to good and bad. But when the Planets,
In euill mixture to diſorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutinie?
What raging of the ſea, ſhaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors
Diuert and crack, rend and deracinate,
The vnitie and married calme of ſtates
Quite from their fixure: O when degree is ſhakt,
Which is the ladder of all high deſignes,
The enterpriſe is ſick. How could communities,
Degrees in ſchooles, and brother-hoods in Cities,
Peaceful commerce from deuidable ſhores,
The primogenitie and due of birth,
Prerogatiue of age, crownes, ſcepters, lawrels,

But by degree ſtand in authentique place :
Take but degree away, vntune that ſtring,
And harke what diſcord followes, each thing melts
In meere oppugnancie: the bounded waters
Should lift their boſomes higher then the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
Strength ſhould be Lord of imbecilitie,
And the rude ſonne ſhould ſtrike his father dead.
Force ſhould be right or rather right and wrong,
(*Betweene whoſe endleſſe iarre Iuſtice recides*)
Should looſe their names, and ſo ſhould Iuſtice too?
Then euery thing include it ſelfe in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite an vniuerſall Woolfe,
(So doubly ſeconded with will and power)
Muſt make perforce an vniuerſall prey,
And laſt eate vp himſelfe.
Great *Agamemnon*,
This *chaos* when degree is ſuffocate,
Followes the choaking.
And this negle&tion of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward with a purpoſe
It hath to clime. The generalls diſdaind,
By him one ſtep below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath, ſo euery ſtep,
Exampl'd by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his ſuperior, growes to an enuious feauer
Of pale and bloudleſſe emulation,
And 'tis this feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne ſinnews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſſe ſtands not in her ſtrength.
Neſtor. Moſt wiſely hath *Vliſſes* here diſcouerd,
The feuer whereof all our power is ſick.
Agamem. The nature of the ſickneſſe found, *Vliſſes*
What is the remedie?
Vliſſes. The great *Achilles* whom opinion crownes,
The ſinnow and the fore-hand of our hoſte,
Hauing his eare full of his ayrie fame,

Growes

Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lies mocking our deſignes: with him *Patroclus*
Vpon a lazie bed the liue-long day,
Breakes ſcurrell ieſts,
And with ridiculous and fillie action,
Which (ſlanderer) he Imitation calls,
He pageants vs. Some-time great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſſe deputation he puts on,
And like a ſtrutting Player, whoſe conceit
Lyes in his ham-ſtring, and doth thinke it rich
To heere the woodden dialogue and ſound,
Twixt his ſtretcht ſpooting and the ſcoaffollage,
Such to be pitied and ore-reſted ſeeming,
He acts thy greatneſſe in. And when he ſpeakes,
Tis like a chime a mending, with termes vnſquare,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would ſeeme hiperboles, at this fuſtie ſtuffe,
The large *Achilles* on his preſt bed lolling,
From his deepe cheſt laughes out a lowd applauſe,
Cries excellent; 'tis *Agamemnon* right,
Now play me *Neſtor*, hem and ſtroake thy beard,
As he being dreſt to ſome Oration,
That's done, as neere as the extremeſt ends
Of paralells, as like as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet god *Achilles* ſtill cries excellent,
Tis *Neſtor* right: now play him me *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a night alarme,
And then forſooth the faint defects of age,
Muſt be the ſcæne of myrth, to coſſe and ſpit,
And with a palſie fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the riuet, and at this ſport
Sir valour dyes, cryes O enough *Patroclus*,
Or giue me ribbs of ſteele, I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my ſpleene, and in this faſhion,
All our abilities, guifts, natures ſhapes,
Seueralls and generalls of grace exact,
Atchiuements, plots, orders, preuentions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,

Succeſſe or loſſe, what is, or is not, ſerues
As ſtuffe for theſe two to make paradoxes.
Neſtor. And in the imitation of theſe twaine,
Who as *Vliſſes* ſayes opinion crownes,
With an imperiall voyce: many are infect,
Aiax is growne ſelfe-wild, and beares his head
In ſuch a reyne, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*: keepes his Tent like him,
Makes factious feaſts, railes on our ſtate of warre,
Bould as an Oracle, and ſets *Therſites*
A ſlaue, whoſe gall coynes ſlanders like a mint,
To match vs in compariſons with durt,
To weaken our diſcredit, our expoſure
How ranke ſo euer rounded in with danger,
Vliſſes. They taxe our pollicie, and call it cowardice,
Count wiſdome as no member of the warre,
Forſtall preſcience, and eſteeme no act
But that of hand: the ſtill and mentall parts,
That do contriue how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
When fitneſſe calls them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſeruant toyle the enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignitie,
They call this bed-worke, mappry, Cloſet warre,
So that the Ram that batters downe the wall,
For the great ſwinge and rudeneſſe of his poiſe,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or thoſe that with the ſinceſſe of their ſoules,
By reaſon guide his execution.
Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horſe
Makes many *Thetis* ſonnes,
Agam. What trumpet? looke *Menelaus*.
Mene. From Troy.
Agam. What would you fore our tent.
Æne. Is this great *Agamemnons* tent I pray you?
Agam. Euen this.
Æne. May one that is a Herrald and a Prince,
Do a faire meſſage to his Kingly eyes?
Agam. With ſurety ſtronger then *Achilles* arme,

Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voice,
Call *Agamemnon* head and generall.
Æne. Faire leaue and large ſecurity, how may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperiall lookes,
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam. How?
Æne. I, I aske that I might waken reuerence,
And bid the cheeke be ready with a bluſh, (*Phœbus*,
Modeſt as morning, when ſhee coldly eyes the youthfull
Which is that god, in office guiding men,
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*.
Agam. This Troyan ſcornes vs, or the men of Troy,
Are ceremonious Courtiers,
Æne. Courtiers as free as debonaire, vnarm'd
As bending Angels, thats their fame in peace:
But when they would ſeeme ſoldiers, they haue galls,
Good armes, ſtrong ioints, true ſword, & great *Iones* accord
Nothing ſo full of heart: but peace *Æneas*,
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthineſſe of praiſe diſtaines his worth,
If that the praiſd him-ſelfe bring the praiſe forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blowes, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.
Agam. Sir you of Troy, call you your ſelfe *Æneas*?
Æne. I Greeke, that is my name.
Agam. Whats your affaires I pray you?
Æne. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.
Aga. He heeres naught priuately that comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whiſper with him,
I bring a trumpet to awake his eare,
To ſet his ſeat on that attentiue beat,
And then to ſpeake.
Agam. Speake frankly as the winde,
It is not *Agamemnons* ſleeping houre;
That thou ſhalt know Troyan he is awake,
Hee tels thee ſo himſelfe.
Æne. Trumpet blowe alowd,
Send thy braſſe voyce through all theſe lazie tents,

And euery Greeke of mettell let him know,
What Troy meanes fairely, shall be spoke alowd. *Sound*
We haue great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy, *trumpet.*
A Prince calld *Hector*, *Priam* is his father,
Who in his dull and long continued truce,
Is rustie growne: He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speake. Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among the fairst of Greece,
That holds his honour higher then his ease,
And feeds his praise, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loues his Mistresse more then in confession,
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)
And dare avowe her beautie and her worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this challenge;
Hector in view of Troyans and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it:
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Then euer Greeke did couple in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Mid-way betweene your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouze a Grecian that is true in loue:
If any come, *Hector* shall honor him:
If none, heele say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a Launce. Euen so much.
Agam. This shall be told our louers Lord *Æneas*,
If none of them haue soules in such a kinde,
We left them all at home, but we are souldiers,
And may that souldier a meere recreant prooue,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath a meanes to be,
That one meetes *Hector*: if none else I am he.
Nest. Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a man
When *Hectors* grand-sire suckt: He is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian hoste,
A noble man that hath no sparke of fire
To answer for his loue, tell him from me,

Ile hide my siluer beard in a gould beauer,
And in my vambrace put my withered braunes
And meeting him tell him that my Lady,
Was fairer then his grandam, and as chast,
As may bee in the world, (his youth in flood)
Ile proue this troth with my three drops of bloud,
Æne. Now heauens for-fend such scarcity of men.
Vlis. Amen: faire Lord *Æneas* let me touch your hand,
To our pauilion shall I leade you sir;
Achilles shall haue word of this intent,
So shall each Lord of Greece from tent to tent,
Your selfe shall feast with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a noble foe.
Vlis. Nestor. *Nest.* What saies *Vlisses?*
Vlis. I haue a yong conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is't?
Vlis. Blunt wedges riue hard knots, the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blowne vp
In ranke *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or shedding breede a noursery of like euill,
To ouer-bulk vs all. *Nest.* Well and how?
Vlis. This challeng that the gallant *Hector* sends,
How euer it is spread in generall name
Relates in purpose onely to *Achilles*.
Nest. True the purpose is perspicuous as substance,
Whose grosenesse little characters sum vp:
And in the publication make no straine,
But that *Achilles* weare his braine, as barren,
As banks of libia (*though* Apollo *knowes*
'Tis dry enough) will with great speed of iudgement,
I with celerity finde *Hectors* purpose pointing on him.
Vlis. And wake him to the answere thinke you?
Nest. Why tis most meete; who may you elce oppose,
That can from *Hector* bring those honours off,
If not *Achilles*: though't be a sportfull combat,
Yet in the triall much opinion dwells:
For here the Troyans taste our deerest repute,

With their fin'ſt pallat, and truſt to me *Vliſſes*
Our imputation ſhalbe odly poizde
In this vilde action, for the ſucceſſe,
Although perticuler ſhall giue a ſcantling
Of good or bad vnto the generall,
And in ſuch *indexes* (although ſmall pricks
To their ſubſequent volumes) there is ſeene,
The baby figure of the gyant maſſe,
Of things to come at large: It is ſuppoſ'd
He that meetes *Hector*, yſſues from our choice,
And choice (being mutuall act of all our ſoules)
Makes merit her election, and doth boyle,
(As twere from forth vs all) a man diſtill'd
Out of our vertues, who miſcarrying,
What heart receiues from hence a conquering part,
To ſteele a ſtrong opinion to them ſelues.

Vliſſ. Giue pardon to my ſpeech? therefore tis meete,
Achilles meete not *Hector*, let vs like Marchants
Firſt ſhew foule wares, and thinke perchance theile ſell;
If not; the luſter of the better ſhall exceed,
By ſhewing the worſe firſt: do not conſent,
That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meet,
For both our honour and our ſhame in this, are dog'd with two ſtrange followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes what are they?

Vleſſ. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent.
And it were better parch in Affique Sunne,
Then in the pride and ſault ſcorne of his eyes
Should he ſcape *Hector* faire. If he were foild,
Why then we do our maine opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a lottry
And by deuiſe let blockiſh *Aiax* draw
The lott to fight with *Hector*, among our ſelues,
Giue him allowance for the better man,
For that will phiſick the great Myrmidon,
Who broyles in loud applauſe, and make him fall,

His

His creſt that prouder then blew Iris bends,
If the dull brainleſſe *Aiax* come ſafe off
Weele dreſſe him vp in voices, if he faile
Yet go we vnder our opinion ſtill,
That we haue better men, but hit or miſſe,
Our proiects life this ſhape of ſence aſſumes
Aiax employ'd plucks downe *Achilles* plumes.

Neſt. Now *Vliſſes* I begin to reliſh thy aduiſe,
And I will giue a taſte thereof forthwith,
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him ſtraight
Two curres ſhall tame each other, pride alone
Muſt arre the maſtiffs on, as twere a bone. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aiax and Therſites.

Aiax. Therſites.

Ther. *Agamemnon*, how if he had bi'es, full, all ouer, generally. *Aiax. Therſites.*

Ther: And thoſe byles did run (ſay ſo), did not the generall run then, were not that a botchy core. *Aiax.* Dogge.

Ther. Then would come ſome matter from him, I ſee none now.

Aia: Thou bitchwolfs ſon canſt thou not heare, feele then.

Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou mongrell beefe witted Lord.

Aiax. Speake then thou vnſalted leauen, ſpeake, I will beate thee into hanſomneſſe.

Ther. I ſhall ſooner raile thee into wit and holineſſe, but I thinke thy horſe will ſooner conne an oration without booke, then thou learne praier without booke, thou canſt ſtrike canſt thou? a red murrion ath thy Iades trickes.

Aiax. To de-ſtoole? learne me the proclamation.

Ther: Dooſt thou thinke I haue no ſence thou ſtrikeſt mee thus? *Aiax.* The proclamation.

Ther: Thou art proclaim'd foole I thinke.

Aiax. Do not Porpentin, do not, my fingers itch:

Ther. I would thou didſt itch from head to foote, and I had the ſcratching of the, I would make thee the lothſomeſt ſcab in Greece, when thou art forth in the incurſions thou ſtrikeſt as ſlow as another.

Aiax:

Aiax. I say the proclamation.

Ther. Thou grombleſt and rayleſt euery houre on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of enuy at his greatneſſe, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpinas* beauty, I that thou barkſt at him.

Aiax. Miſtres *Therſites*.

Ther. Thou ſhouldſt ſtrike him. *Aiax Coblofe*, Hee would punne thee into ſhiuers with his fiſt, as a ſayler breakes a bisket, you horſon curre. Do? do?

Aiax: Thou ſtoole for a witch:

Ther. I, Do? do? thou ſodden witted Lord, thou haſt no more braine then I haue in mine elbowes, an *Aſinico* may tutor thee, you ſcuruy valiant aſſe, thou art heere but to thraſh Troyans, and thou art bought and ſould among thoſe of any wit, like a Barbarian ſlaue. If thou vſe to beate mee I will beginne at thy heele, and tell what thou art by ynches, thou thing of no bowells thou.

Aiax. You dog: *Ther.* You ſcuruy Lord.

Aiax. You curre.

Ther. *Mars* his Idiot, do rudeneſſe, do Camel, do, do.

Achil. Why how now *Aiax* wherefore do yee thus, How now *Therſites* whats the matter man.

Ther. You ſee him there? do you?

Achil. I whats the matter. *Ther:* Nay looke vpon him.

Achil: So I do, whats the matter?

Ther: Nay but regard him well.

Achil: Well, why ſo I do.

Ther: But yet you looke not well vpon him, for who ſome euer you take him to be he is *Aiax*.

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I but that foole knowes not himſelfe.

Aiax: Therefore I beate thee.

Ther: Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he vtters, his euaſions haue eares thus long, I haue bobd his braine more then he has beate my bones. It will buy nine ſparrowes for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow: this Lord (*Achilles*) *Aiax*, who weares his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I tell you what I ſay of him.

Ach. What. *Ther.* I ſay this *Aiax*.

Achil.

Achil. Nay good *Aiax*. *Ther.* Has not ſo much wit.

Achil. Nay I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Hellens* needle, for whom he comes to fight. *Achil.* Peace foole?

Ther. I would haue peace and quietneſſe, but the foole will not, he there, that he: looke you there?

Aiax. Oh thou damned curre I ſhall ———

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fooles.

Ther. No I warrant you, the fooles will ſhame it.

Patro. Good words *Therſites*. *Achil.* Whats the quarrell.

Aiax. I bad the vile oule goe learne me the tenor of the proclamation, and he railes vpon me.

Ther. I ſerue thee not? *Aiax.* Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerue here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſeruice was ſuffrance: twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary, *Aiax* was here the voluntary, and you as vnder an Impreſſe.

Ther. E'ene ſo, a great deale of your witte to, lies in your ſinnewes, or els there bee liers, *Hector* ſhall haue a great catch and knocke at either of your braines, a were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernell.

Achil. What with me to *Therſites*.

Ther. Theris *Viſſes* and old *Neſtor*, whoſe wit was mouldy ere their grandſires had nailes, yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough vp the wars.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good ſooth, to *Achilles*, to *Aiax*, to ———

Aiax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeake as much as thou afterwards.

Patro. No more words *Therſites* peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* brooch bids me, (ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like *Clatpoles*, ere I come any more to your tents, I will keepe where there is wit ſtirring, and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*

Patro. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this ſir is proclaim'd through all our hoſte, That *Hector* by the firſt houre of the Sunne:

Will with a trumpet twixt our Tents and Troy,
To morrow morning call some Knight to armes,
That hath a stomack, and such a one that dare,
Maintaine I know not what, (tis trash) farewell.——
Aiax. Farewell, who shall answer him.
Achil. I know not, tis put to lottry, otherwise,
He knew his man.
Aiax. O meaning you? I will go learne more of it.
Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.
Priam. After so many houres, liues, speeches spent,
Thus once againe saies *Nestor* from the Greekes:
Deliuer *Hellen*, (and all domage els,
As honour, losse of time, trauell, expence,
Wounds, friends and what els deere that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant warre)
Shalbe stroke off, *Hector* what say you to't?
Hect. Though no man lesser feares the Greekes then I
As farre as toucheth my particular, yet dread *Priam*
There is no Lady of more softer bowells,
More spungy to suck in the sence of feare:
More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes
Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is surely
Surely secure, but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that serches,
Too'th bottome of the worst let *Hellen* go,
Since the first sword was drawne about this question
Euery tith soule 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath beene as deere as *Hellen*. I meane of ours:
If we haue loste so many tenthes of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs,
(Had it our name) the valew of one ten,
What merits in that reason which denies,
The yeelding of her vp?
Troy. Fie, fie, my brother,
Way you the worth and honour of a King:
So great as our dread fathers in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with *Counters* summe,
The past proportion of his infinite:

And

And buckle in, a waste most fathomles,
With spanes and inches so dyminutue:
As feares and reasons: Fie for Godly shame?
Hele. No maruell though you bite so sharpe of reasons,
You are so empty of them should not our father;
Beare the great sway of his affaires with reason,
Because your speech hath none that tell him so?
Troy. You are for dreames and slumbers brother Priest,
You furre your gloues with reason, here are your reasons
You know an enemy inrends you harme:
You know a sword imployde is perilous
And reason flies the obiect of all harme.
Who maruells then when *Helenus* beholds,
A Gretian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heeles,
And flie like chidden *Mercury* from *Ioue*
Orlike a starre disorbd? nay if we talke of reason,
Sets shut our gates and sleepe: man-hood and honour,
Should haue hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cram'd reason, reason and respect,
Make lyuers pale, and lusthood deiect.
Hect. Brother, shee is not worth, what shee doth cost the keeping.
Troy. Whats aught but as tis valued.
Hect. But valew dwells not in perticuler will,
It holds his estimate and dignity,
As well wherein tis precious of it selfe
As in the prizer, tis madde Idolatry
To make the seruice greater then the God,
And the will dotes that is attributiue;
To what infectiously it selfe affects,
Without some image of th'affected merit,
Troy. I take to day a wife, and my elections
Is led on in the conduct of my will,
My will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded pilots twixt the dangerous shore,
Of will and Iudgement: how may I auoyde?
(Although my will distaste what it elected)

The wife I choose, there can be no euasion,
To blench from this and to stand firme by honor,
We turne not backe the sikes vpon the marchant
When we haue soild them, nor the remainder viands,
We do not throw in vnrespective sine,
Because we now are full, it was thought meete
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes,
Your breth with full consent bellied his sailes,
The seas and winds (old wranglers) tooke a truce:
And did him seruice, hee touch't the ports desir'd,
And for an old aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queene, whose youth and freshnesse,
Wrinckles *Apolloes*, and makes pale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt,
Is she worth keeping? why she is a pearle,
Whose price hath lanch't aboue a thousand ships:
And turn'd crown'd Kings to Marchants,
If youle auouch twas wisdome *Paris* went,
As you must needs, for you all cri'd go, go,
If youle confesse be brought home worthy prize:
As you must needs, for you all, clapt your hands,
And cry'd inestimable: why do you now
The yssue of your proper wisdomes rate,
And do a deed that neuer fortune did,
Beggar the estimation, which you priz'd
Richer then sea and land? O theft most base,
That we haue stolne, what we do feare to keepe.
But theeues vnworthy of a thing so stolne:
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We feare to warrant in our natiue place.

Enter Cassandra rauing.

Cass. Cry Troyans cry:
Priam. What noise? what shrike is this?
Troy. Tis our madde sister I do know her voice,
Cass. Cry Troyans. *Hect.* It is *Cassandra*!
Cass. Cry Troyans cry, lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick teares.
Hect. Peace sister peace.

Cass. Virgins and boyes, mid-age, and wrinckled elders,
Soft infancie, that nothing canst but crie,
Adde to my clamours: let vs pay be-times
A moytie of that masse of mone to come:
Crie *Troyans* crye, practise your eyes with teares,
Troy must not bee, nor goodly Ilion stand.
Our fire-brand brother *Paris* burnes vs all,
Crie Troyans crie, a *Helen* and a woe,
Crie, crie, Troy burnes, or else let *Hellen* goe. *Exit.*
Hect. Now youthfull *Troylus*, do not these high straines
Of diuination in our Sister, worke
Some touches of remorse? or is your bloud
So madly hott, that no discourse of reason,
Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,
Can qualifie the same?
Troy. Why brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the justnesse of each act
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once detect the courage of our mindes,
Because *Cassandra's* madde, her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell,
Which hath our seuerall honors all engag'd,
To make it gratious. For my priuate part,
I am no more toucht then all *Priams* sonnes:
And *Iouе* forbid there should be done amongst vs,
Such things as might offend the weakest spleene,
To fight for and maintaine.
Par. Else might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your counsells,
But I attest the gods, your full consent,
Gaue wings to my propension, and cut off
All feares attending on so dire a proiect,
For what (alas) can these my single armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To stand the push and enmitie of those
This quarrell wou'd excite? Yet I protest
Were I alone to passe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,

Paris ſhould nere retract, what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuite,
Pria. Paris you ſpeake
Like one be-ſotted on your ſweet delights,
You haue the hony ſtill, but theſe the gall,
So to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.
Par. Sir, I propoſe not meerly to my ſelfe,
The pleaſures ſuch a beautie brings with it,
But I would haue the ſoile of her faire rape,
Wip't of in honorable keeping her,
What treaſon were it to the ranſackt queene,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliuer her poſſeſſion vp
On tearmes of baſe compulſion? can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtraine as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſomes?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to drawe,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none ſo noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtowd, or death vnfain'd,
Where *Helen* is the ſubiect. Then I ſay,
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large ſpaces cannot paralell.
Hect. Paris and *Troylus*, you haue both ſaid well,
And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand,
Haue glozd, but ſuperficially, not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Vnfit to heere *Morrall Philoſophie*;
The reaſons you alleadge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtempred blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
Twixt right and wrong: for pleaſure and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders to the voyce
Of any true deciſion. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their owners. Now
What neerer debt in all humanitie,
Then wife is to the husband? if this lawe
Of nature be corrupted through affection

And

And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benummed wills reſiſt the ſame,
There is a lawe in each well-orderd nation,
To curbe thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractarie;
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta's* King,
As it is knowne ſhe is, theſe morrall lawes
Of nature and of nations, ſpeake alowd
To haue her back returnd: thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion
Is this in way of truth: yet nere the leſſe,
My ſpritely brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keepe *Helen* ſtill,
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our ioynt and ſeuerall dignities.
Tro. Why there you touch't the life of our deſignes:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heauing ſpleenes,
I would not wiſh a drop of Troyan bloud,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A ſpurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whoſe preſent courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs;
For I preſume braue *Hector* would not looſe
So rich aduantage of a promiſd glory,
As ſmiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds reuenew.
Hect. I am yours;
You valiant offſpring of great *Priamus*,
I haue a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſie ſpirits,
I was aduertizd, their great generall ſlept,
Whilſt emulation in the armie creepes:
This I preſume will wake him.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

How now *Therſites?* what loſt in the Labyrinth of thy furie? ſhall the Elephant *Aiax* carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy ſatisfaction, would it were otherwiſe: that I could beate him, whilſt hee raild at mee: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raiſe Diuels, but Ile ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpitefull execrations. Then ther's *Achilles*, a rare inginer. If Troy bee not taken till theſe two vndermine it, the walls will ſtand till they fall of them-ſelues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art *Ione* the king of gods: and *Mercury*, looſe all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if yee take not that little little leſſe then little witte from them that they haue: which ſhort-armd Ignorance it ſelfe knowes is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a flie from a ſpider, without drawing their maſſie Irons, and cutting the web. After this the vengeance on the whole campe, or rather the Neopolitan bone-ache: for that me thinkes is the curſe depending on thoſe that warre for a placket. I haue ſaid my prayers, and diuell Enuie ſay *Amen*. What ho my Lord *Achilles?*

Patrocl. Whoſe there? *Therſites?* good *Therſites* come in and raile.

Therſ. If I could a remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou couldſt not haue ſlipt out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, thy ſelfe vpon thy ſelfe. The common curſe of mankinde, Folly and Ignorance, be thine in great reuenew: Heauen bleſſe thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death: then if ſhe that layes thee out ſayes thou art not a faire courſe, Ile be ſworne and ſworne vpon't, ſhee neuer ſhrowded any but lazars. *Amen*. Where's *Achilles?*

Patro. What art thou deuout? waſt thou in prayer?

Therſ. I the heauens heare me.

Patro. Amen. *Enter* Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patro. *Therſites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where? where? O where? art thou come why my cheeſe,

cheeſe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerued thy ſelfe into my table, ſo many meales, come what's *Agamemnon?*

Ther. Thy commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patroclus*, whats *Achilles?*

Patro. Thy Lord *Therſites*. Then tell mee I pray thee, what's *Therſites?*

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus*: then tell mee *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patro. Thou muſt tell that knoweſt.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile decline the whole queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* knower, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Deriue this? come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded. *Therſites* is a foole to ſerue ſuch a foole, and this *Patroclus* is a foole poſitiue.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

Ther. Make that demand of the Prouer, it ſuffices mee thou art: looke you, who comes heere?

Enter Agam: Vliſſ: Neſtor, Diomed, Aiax & Calcas.

Achil. Come *Patroclus*, Ile ſpeake with no body: come in with me *Therſites.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patcherie, ſuch iugling, and ſuch knauery: all the argument is a whore, and a Cuckold, a good quarrell to draw emulous factions, & bleed to death vpon.

Agam. Where is *Achilles?*

Patro. Within his tent, but ill diſpoſd my Lord.

Aga. Let it be knowne to him, that we are heere,
He ſate our meſſengers and we lay by,
Our appertainings, viſiting of him
Let him be told ſo, leaſt perchance he thinke,
We dare not moue the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patro. I ſhall ſay ſo to him.

Vliſſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his tent,
Hee is not ſick.

Aiax. Yes Lion ſick, ſick of proud heart, you may call it

melancholy if you will fauour the man. But by my head 'tis pride: but why, why, let him shew vs a cause?

Nest. What mooues *Aiax* thus to bay at him?

Vliss. *Achilles* hath inueigled his foole from him,

Nest. Who *Therſites*? *Vlis.* He.

Nest. The wil *Aiax* lack matter, if he haue lost his argumēt.

Vli. No you see he is his argument, that has his argument *Achilles*.

Nes. All the better, their fractiō is more our wish then their faction, but it was a strōg compoſure a foole could disunite:

Vli. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily vnty,

Heere comes *Patroclus*. *Nest.* No *Achilles* with him.

Vlis. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for courteſie,

His legs are legs for neceſſity, not for flexure.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me say he is much sorry,

If any thing more then your sport and pleasure

Did mooue your greatneſſe, and this noble state,

To call vpon him. He hopes it is no other

But for your health, and your diſgeſtion sake,

An after dinners breath.

Agam. Heere you *Patroclus*:

We are too well acquainted with these answers,

But his euasion winged thus swift with scorne,

Cannot out-flie our apprehensions,

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason

Why we aſcribe it to him, Yet all his vertues,

Not vertuously on his owne part beheld,

Doe in our eyes begin to loſe their gloſſe,

Yea, like faire fruite in an vnholsome diſh,

Are like to rott vntaſted. Go and tell him,

We come to speake with him, and you shall not sinne,

If you do say, we thinke him ouer-proud

And vnder-honeſt, in ſelfe-aſſumption greater

Then in the note of iudgement. And worthier then himſelfe

Heere tend the sauage ſtrangeneſſe he puts on,

Diſguiſe, the holy strength of their commaund,

And vnder-write in an obſeruing kinde,

His humorous predominance: yea watch

-eth him His

His course, and time, his ebbs and flowes, and if

The paſſage, and whole ſtreame of his commencement,

Rode on his tide. Goe tell him this, and adde,

That if he ouer-hold his price so much,

We'le none of him. But let him like an engine,

Not portable, lye vnder this report.

Bring action hither, this cannot go to warre,

A ſtirring dwarfe we doe allowance giue,

Before a sleeping gyant. Tell him so.

Patr. I shall, and bring his anſwer preſently.

Agam. In second voyce we'le not be satisfied,

We come to ſpeake with him: *Vliſſes* entertaine.

Aiax. What is he more then another.

Agam. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Aiax. Is he so much: doe you not thinke he thinkes himſelfe a better man then I am?

Agam. No question.

Aiax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and say he is.

Agam. No noble *Aiax*; you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſſe noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Aia. Why ſhould a man be proud? how doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your minde is the cleerer, and your vertues the fairer, hee that is proud eates vp him-ſelfe: Pride is his owne glaſſe, his owne trumpet, his owne chronicle, and what euer praiſes it ſelfe but in the deed, deuoures the deed in the praiſe.

Enter Vliſſes.

Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I do hate the ingendring of Toades.

Neſt. And yet he loues himſelfe, iſt not ſtrange?

Vlis. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Agam. What's his excuſe?

Vliſ. He doth relye on none,

But carries on the ſtreame of his diſpoſe,

Without obſeruance, or reſpect of any,

In will peculiar, and in ſelfe admiſſion.

Agam. Why will he not vpon our faire request,
Vntent his person, and share th'ayre with vs.
Vlis. Things small as nothing, for request sake onely,
He makes important possest he is with greatnesse,
And speakes not to himselfe but with a pride,
That quarrels at selfe breath. Imagind worth,
Holds in his bloud such swolne and hott discourse,
That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,
Kingdomd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters downe himselfe. What should I say,
He is so plaguie proud, that the death tokens of it,
Crie no recouerie. *Agam.* Let *Aiax* go to him,
Deare Lord, go you, and greete him in his tent,
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be lead,
At your request a little from himselfe.
Vlis. O *Agamemnon* let it not be so,
Weele consecrate the steps that *Aiax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*: shall the proud Lord
That baists his arrogance with his owne seame,
And neuer suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, saue such as doth reuolue,
And ruminate him-selfe: shall he be worshipt,
Of that we hold an idoll more then hee,
No: this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Shall not so staule his palme nobly acquird,
Nor by my will assubiugate his merit,
As amply liked as *Achilles* is, by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already pride,
And adde more coles to *Cancer* when he burnes,
With entertaining great *Hiperion*,
This Lord go to him. *Iupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder *Achilles* go to him.
Nest. O this is well, he rubs the vaine of him.
Diom. And how his silence drinkes vp his applause,
Aia. If I go to him: with my armed fist ile push him ore the face.
Agam O no, you shall not goe,
Aia. And he be proud with me, Ile phese his pride,
Let me goe to him.

Vlis.

Vlis. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrell.
Aiax. A paltry insolent fellow.
Nest. How he describes him selfe.
Aiax. Can he not be sociable.
Vlis. The Rauen chides blackenesse.
Aiax. Ile tell his humorous bloud.
Agam. Hee wilbe the phisition, that should bee the patient. *Aiax.* And all men were of my minde.
Vlis. Wit would bee out of fashion.
Aiax: A should not beare it so, a should eate swords first? shall pride carry it?
Nest. And two'od yow'd carry halfe.
Aiax. A would haue ten shares. I will kneade him, Ile make him supple, he's not yet through warme?
Nest. Force him with praiers poure in, poure, his ambition is dride.
Vlis. My Lord you feed too much on this dislike.
Nest. Our noble generall do not do so?
Diom. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.
Vlis: Why tis this naming of him do's him harme,
Here is a man but tis before his face; I wilbe silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous as *Achilles* is.
Vlis. Know the whole world hee is as valiant——
Aiax. A hoarson dog that shall palter with vs thus, would he were a Troyan?
Nest. What a vice were it in *Aiax* now:
Vlis: If hee were proude.
Diom. Or couetous of praise.
Vlis. Or surly borne.
Diom. Or strange or selfe affected.
Vlis: Thank the heauens Lord, thou art of sweet composure
Praise him that gat thee, shee that gaue thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature,
Thrice fam'd beyond all thy erudition:
But hee that disciplind thine armes to fight,
Let *Mars* diuide eternity in twaine,
And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour:

Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yeeld,
To sinowy *Aiax*, I will not praise thy wisdome,
Which like a boord: a pale, a shore confines
This spacious and dilated parts, here's *Nestor*,
Instructed by the antiquary times:
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise,
But pardon father *Nestor* were your daies
As greene as *Aiax*, and your braine so temper'd,
You should not haue the eminence of him,
But be as *Aiax*. *Aiax*. Shall I call you father?
Nest. I my good Sonne.
Dio. Be rul'd by him Lord *Aiax*.
Vliss. There is no tarrying here the Hart *Achilles*,
Keepes thicket, please it our great generall,
To call together all his state of warre,
Fresh Kings are come to Troy. To morrow
We must with all our maine of power stand fast,
And here's a Lord come Knights from East to West
And cull their flower, *Aiax* shall cope the best.
Aga. Go we to counsell, let *Achilles* sleepe,
Light boates saile swift, though greater hulkes draw deepe.
Enter Pandarus. (*Exeunt.*
Pan. Friend you, pray you a word, doe you not follow the yong Lord *Paris*. *Man*. I sir when he goes before mee.
Pan. You depend vpon him I meane.
Man. Sir I do depend vpon the Lord.
Pan. You depend vpon a notable gentleman I must needs praise him.
Man. The Lord be praized?
Pan. You know me? doe you not?
Man. Faith sir superficially.
Pan. Friend know mee better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.
Man. I hope I shall know your honour better?
Pan. I do desire it.
Man. You are in the state of grace?
Pan. Grace? not so friend, honour and Lordship are my titles, what musicke is this?
Man. I do but partly know sir, it is musick in parties.

Pan.

Pan. Know you the musicians?
Man. Wholy sir. *Pan*. Who play they to?
Man. To the hearers sir.
Pan. At whose pleasure friend?
Man. At mine sir, and theirs that loue musicke.
Pan. Command I meane.
Man. Who shall I command sir?
Pan. friend we vnderstand not one another, I am too courtly and thou too cunning, at whose request do these men play?
Man. Thats to't indeed sir? marry sir, at the request of *Paris* my Lord, who is there in person, with him the mortall *Venus*, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuisible soule.
Pan. Who my cozen *Cressida*.
Man. No sir, *Hellen*, could not you finde out that by her attributes.
Pan. It should seeme fellow thou hast not seene the Lady *Cressid* I come to speake with *Paris*, from the Prince *Troylus*. I will make a complemental assault vpon him for my businesse seeth's.
Man. Sodden businesse, theirs a stew'd phrase indeed.
Enter Paris and Hellen.
Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company, faire desires in all faire measure fairly guide them, especially to you faire Queene faire thoughts be your faire pillow.
Hel Dere Lord you are full of faire words.
Par. You speake your faire pleasure sweet Queene. Faire Prince here is good broken musicke.
Par. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel*. he is full of harmony.
Pan. Truely Lady no. *Hel*. O sir.
Pan. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.
Paris. Well said my Lord, well, you say so in fits.
Pan. I haue businesse to my Lord deere Queene? my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.
Hel. Nay this shall not hedge vs out, weele here you sing certainely.
Pan. Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with mee, but, mary,

marry thus my Lord my deere Lord, and moſt eſteemed friend your brother *Troylus*.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony ſweet Lord,

Pan. Go too ſweet Queene, go to?
Comends himſelfe moſt affectionatly to you.

Hel. You ſhall not bob vs out of our melody,
If you do our melancholy vpon your head.

Pan. Sweet Queene, ſweet Queene, thats a ſweet Queene I faith————

Hel. And to make a ſweet Lady ſad is a ſower offence.

Pan. Nay that ſhall not ſerue your turne, that ſhall it not in truth la? Nay I care not for ſuch words, no, no. And my Lord hee deſires you that if the King call for him at ſuper. You will make his excuſe.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. What ſaies my ſweete Queenem, y very very ſweet Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſuppes he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan What ſaies my ſweet Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. Ile lay my life with my diſpoſer *Creſſeida*.

Pan. No, no? no ſuch matter you are wide, come your diſpoſer is ſicke.

Par. Well ile makes excuſe?

Pan. I good my Lord, why ſhould you ſay *Creſſeida*, no, your diſpoſers ſick. *Par.* I ſpie?

Pan. You ſpy? what doe you ſpie? come, giue mee an inſtrument, now ſweete Queene:

Hel. Why this is kindely done?

Pan. My Neece is horribly in loue with a thing you haue ſweete Queene.

Hel. Shee ſhall haue it my Lord, if it bee not my Lord *Paris*.

Pand. Hee? no? ſheele none of him, they two are tawine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out may make them three.

Pand.

Pand. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile ſing you a ſong now.

Hell: I, I, prethee, now by my troth ſweet lad thou haſte a fine fore-head.

Pand: I you may, you may.

Hell: Let thy ſong be loue: this loue will vndoe vs all. Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

Pand: Loue? I that it ſhall yfaith.

Par: I good now loue, loue, nothing but loue.

Pand: *Loue, loue, nothing but loue, ſtill loue ſtill more:*
For o loues bow. Shoots Bucke and Doe.
The ſhafts confound not that it wounds
But ticles ſtill the ſore:
Theſe louers cry, oh ho they dye,
Yet that which ſeemes the wound to kill,
Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he,
So dying loue lines ſtill,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha,
O ho grones out for ha ha ha——hey ho,

Hell: In loue I faith to the very tip of the noſe.

Par. He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds hot blood, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deeds is loue.

Pand. Is this the generation of loue: hot bloud hot thoughts and hot deedes, why they are vipers, is loue a generation of vipers:
Sweete Lord whoſe a field to day?

Par: *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Anthenor*, and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not haue it ſo.
How chance my brother *Troylus* went not?

Hell: He hangs the lippe at ſomething, you know al Lord *Pandarus*.

Pand: Not I hony ſweete Queene, I long to heare how they ſped to day:
Youle remember your brothers excuſe?

Par: To a hayre.

Pand: Farewell ſweete Queene.

Hell. Commend me to your neece.
Pand. I will sweet Queene. *Sound a retreat.*
Par: Their come from the field: let vs to Priames Hall
To greete the warriers. Sweet *Hellen* I must woe you,
To helpe vn-arme our *Hector*: his stubborne buckles
With this your white enchaunting fingers toucht;
Shall more obey then to the edge of steele,
Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall do more
Then all the Iland Kinges, disarme great *Hector*.
Hell: Twil make vs proud to be his seruant *Paris*:
Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duty,
Giues vs more palme in beauty then we haue.
Yea ouershines our selfe.
Par: Sweet aboue thought I loue her? *Exeunt.*

Enter. Pandarus Troylus, man.

Pand: How now wher's thy maister, at my Cousin *Cressida*?
Man: No sir stayes for you to conduct him thether.
Pand: O heere he comes: how now, how now?
Troy: Sirra walke off.
Pand: Haue you seene my Cousine?
Troy: No *Pandarus*, I stalke about her dore
Like to a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waftage. O be thou my Charon,
And giue me swift transportance to these fieldes,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle *Pandar*,
From *Cupids* shoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to *Cressid*.
Pand: Walke heere ith'Orchard, Ile bring her straight.
Troy: I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th'ymaginary relish is so sweete,
That it inchaunts my sence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taste indeed
Loues thrice repured Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding distruction, or some ioy too fyne,
Too subtill, potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetnesse
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare besides

That

That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying.
Pand. Shees making her ready, sheele come straight; you must be witty now, she does so blush, and fetches her wind so short as if shee were fraid with a spirite: Ile fetch her; it is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath as short as a new tane sparrow.
Troy: Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome,
My heart beats thicker then a feauorous pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing loose
Like vassalage at vnwares encountring
the eye of maiesty. *Enter pandar and Cressid.*
Pand. Come, come, what need you blush?
Shames a babie; heere shee is now, sweare the othes now to her that you haue sworne to me: what are you gone againe, you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? come your waies come your waies, and you draw backward weele put you ith filles: why doe you not speake to her. Come draw this curtaine, and lets see your picture; alasse the day? how loath you are to offend day light; and twere darke youd close sooner: so so, rub on and kisse the mistresse; how now a kisse in fee-farme: build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon, as the tercell: for all the ducks ith riuer: go too, go too.
Troy: You haue bereft me of all wordes Lady.
Pand: Words pay no debts; giue her deeds: but sheele bereaue you ath' deeds too if she call your activity in question: what billing again: heeres in witnesse whereof the parties interchangeably. Come in come in Ile go get a fire?
Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?
Troy. O *Cressid* how often haue I wisht me thus.
Cres. Wisht my Lord? the gods graunt? O my Lord?
Troy. What should they graunt? what makes this pretty abruption: what to curious dreg espies my sweete lady in the fountaine of our loue?
Cres. More dregs then water if my teares haue eyes.
Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see truly.

 Cres: blinde

Cres. Blind feare that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing, then blind reason, stumbling without feare: to feare the worst oft cures the worse.

Troy. O let my Lady apprehend no feare,
In all *Cupids* pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither.

Troy. Nothing but our undertakings, when wee vow to weepe seas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers, thinking it harder for our mistresse to deuise imposition ynough then for vs to vndergoe any difficulty imposed.
This the monstruosity in loue Lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confind, that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slaue to limite.

Cres. They say all louers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet reserue an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten: and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares are they not monsters?

Troy. Are there such: such are not we; Praise vs as wee are tasted, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare till merit louer part no affection in reuersion shall haue a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and being borne, his addition shall bee humble: few wordes to faire faith. *Troylus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as what enuy can say worst shall bee a mocke for his truth, and what truth can speake truest, not truer then *Troylus*.

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Pand. What blushing still, haue you not done talking yet?

Cres. VVell Vncle what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pand. I thanke you for that, if my Lord gette a boy of you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch chide me for it.

Troy: You know now your hostages, your Vncles word and my firme faith.

Pand. Nay Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they bee woed, they are constant

being

being wonne, they are burres I can tell you, theyle sticke where they are thrown.

Cres. Bouldnesse comes to me now and brings me heart: Prince *Troylus* I haue loued you night and day, for many weary moneths.

Troy: Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to wyn?

Cres: Hard to seeme wonne: but I was wonne my Lord
With the first glance; that euer pardon me
If I confesse much you will play the tyrant,
I loue you now, but till now not so much
But I might maister it; in faith I lye,
My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grone
Too headstrong for their mother: see wee fooles,
VVhy haue I blab'd: who shall be true to vs
VVhen we are so vnsecret to our selues.
But though I loue'd you well, I woed you not,
And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man;
Or that we women had mens priuiledge
Of speaking first. Sweete bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speake
The thing I shall repent: see see your silence
Comming in dumbnesse, from my weaknesse drawes
My very soule of councell. Stop my mouth.

Troy: And shall, albeit sweet musique issues thence,

Pand. Pretty yfaith.

Cres. My Lord I doe beseech you pardon me,
Twas not my purpose thus to begge a kisse:
I am asham'd; O Heauens what haue I done!
For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.

Troy: Your leaue sweete *Cressid*:

Pan: Leaue: and you take leaue till to morrow morning.

Cres: Pray you content you. *Troy:* What offends you Lady?

Cres sir mine own company.

Troy: You cannot shun your selfe.

Cres: Let me goe and try:
I haue a kind of selfe resids with you:
But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue,
To be anothers foole. I would be gone:

where

Where is my wit? I know not what I speake, (wisely,
Tro. Well know they what they speake, that speake so
Cres. Perchance my Lord I show more craft then loue,
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts, but you are wise,
Or else you loue not: for to be wise and loue,
Exceeds mans might that dwells with gods aboue,
Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman.
As if it can I will presume in you,
To feed for age her lampe and flames of loue.
To keepe her constancy in plight and youth.
Out-liuing beauties outward, with a mind,
That doth renew swifter then blood decays,
Or that persuasion could but thus conuince me,
That my integrity and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and waight,
Of such a winnowed purity in loue,
How were I then vp-lifted: but alasse,
I am as true as truths simplicity,
And simpler then the infancy of truth.
Cres. In that ile war with you, *Tro.* O vertuous fight,
When right with right warres who shalbe most right,
True swains in loue shall in the world to come
Approue their trueth by *Troylus*, when their rimes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Wants simele's truth tyrd with iteration.
As true as steele, as plantage to the moone.
As sunne to day: as turtle to her mate,
As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th' Center,
After all comparisons of truth.
(As truths authentique author to be cited)
As true as *Troylus*, shall croune vp the verse,
And sanctifie the nombers,
Cres. Prophet may you bee,
If I bee false or swarue a hayre from truth,
When time is ould or hath forgot it selfe,
When water drops haue worne the stones of *Troy*,
And blind oblivion swallowd Cities vp,

And mighty states character-les are grated,
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false among false mayds in loue,
Vpbraid my falsehood, when th'haue said as false,
As ayre, as water, wind or sandy earth,
As Fox to Lambe; or Wolfe to Heifers Calfe,
Pard to the Hind, or stepdame to her Sonne,
Yea let them say to sticke the heart of falsehood,
As false as *Cressid.*
Pand. Go to a bargaine made, seale it, seale it ile bee the witnes here I hold your hand, here my Cozens, if euer you proue false one, to another since I haue taken such paine to bring you together let all pittifull goers betweene be cald to the worlds end after my name, call them all Panders, let all constant men be Troyluses all false weemen *Cressids*, and all brokers betweene panders; say Amen.
Tro. Amen. *Cre.* Amen,
Pan. Amen.
Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed because it shall not speake of your prety encounters presse it to death; away. *Exeunt.*
And Cupid grant all tong-tide maydens here,
Bed, chamber, Pander to prouide this geere. *Exit.*

Enter Vlisses, Diomed, Nestor, Agamem, Chalcas.

Cal. Now Princes for the seruice I haue done,
Th'aduantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompence: appere it to mind,
That through the sight I beare in things to loue,
I haue abandond Troy, left my possession,
Incurd a traytors name, exposd my selfe,
From certaine and possest conueniences,
To doubtfull fortunes, sequestring from me all,
That time acquaintance, custome and condition,
Made tame, and most familiar to my nature:
And here to doe you seruice am become,
As new into the world, strange, vnacquainted.
I do beseech you as in way of taste,
To giue me now a little benefit.

Out of those many registred in promise,
Which you say liue to come in my behalfe:
Aga. What wouldst thou of vs Troian? make demand?
Calc. You haue a Troian prisoner cald *Antenor*,
Yesterday tooke, Troy holds him very deere.
Oft haue you (often haue you thankes therefore)
Desird my *Cressed* in right great exchange.
Whom Troy hath still deni'd, but this *Anthenor*,
I know is such a wrest in their affaires:
That their negotiations all must slacke,
Wanting his mannage and they will almost,
Giue vs a Prince of blood a Sonne of *Pryam*,
In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes,
And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence,
Shall quite strike of all seruice I haue done,
In most accepted paine.
Aga. Let *Diomedes* beare him,
And bring vs *Cressid* hither, *Calcas* shall haue.
What he requests of vs: good *Diomed*
Furnish you farely for his enterchange,
Withall bring word If *Hector* will to morrow,
Bee answered in his challenge. *Aiax* is ready.
Dio. This shall I vndertake, and tis a burthen
Which I am proud to beare. *Exit,*

Achilles *and* Patro *stand in their tent.*

Vli. *Achilles* stands ith entrance of his tent,
Please it our generall passe strangely by him:
As if he were forgot, and princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him,
I will come last, tis like heele question mee.
Why such vnpaulsiue eyes are bent? why turnd on him,
If so I haue derision medecinable,
To vse betweene your strangnes and his pride,
Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke,
It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse,
To show it selfe but pride: for supple knees,
Feed arrogance and are the proud mans fees.
Aga. Weele execute your purpose and put on,

A forme

A forme of strangnesse as we pas along,
So do each Lord, and either greet him not
Or els disdaynfully, which shall shake him more:
Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.
Achil. What comes the generall to speake with mee?
You know my minde Ile fight no more 'gainst Troy.
Aga. What saies *Achilles* would he ought with vs?
Nest. Would you my Lord ought with the generall.
Achil. No.
Nest. Nothing my Lord:
Aga. The better.
Achil. Good day, good day:
Men. How do you? how do you?
Achil. What do's the Cnckould scorne me?
Aiax. How now *Patroclus*?
Achil. Good morrow *Aiax*?
Aiax. Ha:
Achil Good morrow.
Aiax. I and good next day too. *Exeunt.*
Ach. What meane these fellowes know they not *Achilles*?
Patro. They passe by strangely: they were vs'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*:
To come as humbly as they vs'd to creep, to holy aultars:
Achil. What am I poore of late?
Tis certaine, greatnesse once falne out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too, what the declin'd is,
He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others
As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the Summer,
And not a man for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, ritches, and fauour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit
Which when they fall as being slipery standers,
The loue that lean'd on them as slipery too,
Doth one pluck downe another, and together, die in the fall,
But tis not so with mee,
Fortune and I are friends, I do enioy:

At ample point all that I did poſſeſſe,
Saue theſe mens lookes, who do me thinkes finde out:
Some thing not worth in me ſuch riteh beholding,
As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vliſſes*
Ile interrupt his reading, how now *Vliſſes*?
Vliſſ. Now great *Thetis* Sonne.
Achil. What ate you reading?
Vliſſ. A ſtrange fellow here,
Writes me that man, how derely euer parted:
How much in hauing or without or in
Cannot, make boſt to haue that which he hath,
Nor feeles not what he owes but by reflection:
As when his vertues ayming vpon others,
Heate them, and they retort that heate againe
To the firſt giuers.
Achil. This is not ſtrange *Vliſſes*,
The beauty that is borne here in the face:
The bearer knowes not, but commends it ſelfe,
To others eyes, nor doth the eye it ſelfe
That moſt pure ſpirit of ſence, behold it ſelfe
Not going from it ſelfe, but eye to eye oppoſed,
Sallutes each other, with each others forme.
For ſpeculation turnes not to it ſelfe,
Till it hath trauel'd and is married there?
Where it may ſee it ſelfe: this is not ſtrange at all.
Vliſſ. I do not ſtraine at the poſition,
It is familiar, but at the authors drift,
Who in his circumſtance expreſsly proones,
That no man is the Lord of any thing:
Though in and of him there be much conſiſting,
Till he communicate his parts to others,
Nor doth hee of himſelfe know them for aught:
Till he behold them formed in the applauſe.
Where th'are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate
The voice againe or like a gate of ſteele:
Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders back
His figure and his heate. I was much rap't in this,
And apprehended here immediately.

Th' vnknowne *Aiax*, heauens what a man is there?
A very horſe, that has he knowes not what.
Nature what things there are.
Moſt obiect in regard, and deere in vſe,
What things againe moſt deere in the eſteeme:
And poore in worth, now ſhall we ſee to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw vpon him
Aiax renown'd? O heauens what ſome men doe,
While ſome men leaue to doe.
How ſome men creepe in skittiſh fortunes hall,
Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes,
How one man eates into anothers pride,
While pride is faſting in his wantoneſſe.
To ſee theſe Grecian Lords, why euen already:
They clap the lubber *Aiax* on the ſhoulder
As if his foote were one braue *Hectors* breſt,
And great *Troy* ſhriking.
Achill. I doe beleeue it,
For they paſt by me as miſers do by beggars,
Neither gaue to me good word nor looke:
What are my deeds forgot?
Vliſſ. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:
A great siz'd monſter of ingratitudes,
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt,
Which are deuour'd as faſt as they are made,
Forgot as ſoone as done, perſeuerance deere my Lord:
Keepes honour bright, to haue done, is to hang,
Quite out of faſhion like a ruſty male,
In monumentall mockry? take the inſtant way,
For honour trauells in a ſtraight ſo narrow:
Where on but goes a breſt, keepe then the path
For emulation hath a thouſand Sonnes,
That one by one purſue, if you giue way,
Or turne aſide from the direct forth right:
Like to an entred tide they all ruſh by,
And leaue you him, moſt, then what they do in preſent:
Though leſſe then yours in paſſe, muſt ore top yours.

For time is like a fashionable hoast,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th'hand,
And with his armes out-stretcht as he would flie,
Graspes in the commer: the welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. Let not vertue seeke,
Remuneration for the thing it was. For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Loue, friendship, charity, are subiects all
To enuious and calumniati g time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And goe to dust, that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt ore-dusted.
The present eye praises the present obiect.
Then maruell not thou great and complet man,
That all the Greekes begin to worship *Aiax*;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
That what stirs not. The crie went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou wouldst not entombe thy selfe aliue,
And case thy reputation in thy tent.
Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions mongst the gods them selues,
And draue great *Mars* to faction.
Achil. Of this my priuacie,
I haue strong reasons.
Vlis. But gainst your priuacie,
The reasons are more potent and heroycall:
Tis knowne *Achilles* that you are in loue
With one of *Priams* daughters.
Achil. Ha? knowne.
Vlis. Is that a wonder:
The prouidence thats in a watchfull state,
Knowes almost euery thing,
Findes bottom in the vncomprehensiue depth,
Keepes place with thought and almost like the gods,
Do thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles,

There is a mysterie (with whom relation
Durst neuer meddle) in the soule of state,
Which hath an operation more diuine,
Then breath or pen can giue expressure to:
All the commerse that you haue had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours my Lord,
And better would it fitt *Achilles* much,
To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.
But it must grieue young *Pirhus* now at home,
When fame shall in our Ilands sound her trumpe,
And all the Greekish girles shall tripping sing,
Great *Hectors* sister did *Achilles* winne,
But our great *Aiax* brauely beate downe him:
Farewell my Lord: I as your louer speake,
The foole slides ore the Ice that you should breake.
Patr. To this effect *Achilles* haue I moou'd you,
A woman impudent and mannish growne,
Is not more loth'd then an effeminate man
In time of action: I stand condemnd for this
They thinke my little stomack to the warre,
And your great loue to me, restraines you thus,
Sweete rouse your selfe, and the weake wanton *Cupid*,
Shall from your neck vnloose his amorous fould,
And like dew drop from the Lions mane,
Be shooke to ayre.
Ach. Shall *Aiax* fight with *Hector*.
Patro. I and perhaps receiue much honor by him.
Achil. I see my reputation is at stake,
My fame is shrowdly gor'd.
Patro. O then beware.
Those wounds heale ill, that men do giue themselues.
Omission to doe what is necessary,
Seales a commission to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague subtly taints
Euen then when they sit idely in the sunne.
Achil. Go call *Thersites* hether sweet *Patroclus*,
Ile send the foole to *Aiax*, and desire him
T'inuite the Troyan lords after the combate,

To see vs heere vnarmd. I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am sick with-all,
To see great *Hector* in his weeds of peace,
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd,

Enter Therſites.

Therſ. A wonder. *Achil.* What?

Therſi. *Aiax* goes vp and downe the field asking for himselfe. *Achil.* How so?

Therſi. He must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroycall cudgeling, that he raues in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Therſi. Why a stalkes vp and downe like a peacock, a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostisse, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regarde, as who should say there were witte in this head and twoo'd out: and so there is. But it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking, the mans vndone for euer, for if *Hector* breake not his neck ith' combate, hee'le breake himselfe in vaine glory. Hee knowes not mee. I sayd good morrow *Aiax*: And hee replyes thankes *Agamemnon*. What thinke yeu of this man that takes mee for the Generall? Hees growne a very land-fish languageleſſe, a monster, a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather Ierkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador *Therſites*.

Therſi. Who I: why heele answer no body: hee professes not answering, speaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes. I will put on his presence, let *Patroclus* make demands to me. You shall see the pageant of *Aiax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*, tell him I humbly desire the valiant *Aiax*, to inuite the valorous *Hector* to come vnarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, sixe or seauen times honour'd Captaine Generall of the armie. *Agamemnon*, do this.

Patr.

Patro. *Ioue* blesse great *Aiax*. *Therſ.* Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Therſ. Ha?

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to inuite *Hector* to (his tent.

Therſ. Hum?

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Therſ. *Agamemnon*?

Patr. I my Lord. *Therſ.* Ha?

Patr. What say you too't.

Therſ. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Therſ. If to morrow be a faire day, by a leuen of the clock it will goe one way or other, howsoeuer he shall pay for me ere hee ha's me. *Patr.* Your answer sir.

Therſ. Fare yee well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Therſ. No: but out of tune thus. What musick will be in him, when *Hector* ha's knockt out his braines, I know not. But I am sure none, vnleſſe the fidler *Apollo* get his sinnews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt beare a letter to him straight.

Therſ. Let mee beare another to his horse, for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a fountaine stird,
And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.

Therſ. Would the fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Asse at it, I had rather be a tick in a sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Æneas, at another Paris, Deiphobus, Antemor, Diomed the Grecian with torches.

Paris. See ho? who is that there?

Deiph. It is the Lord *Æneas*.

Æne. Is the Prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lye long,
As your prince *Paris*, nothing but heauenly businesse,
Should rob my bed mate of my company.

Dio. That's my minde too? good morrow Lord *Æneas*.

Paris. A valiant Greeke *Æneas* take his hand.

Witnesse

Witneſſe the proceſſe of your ſpeech: wherein
You told how *Dyomed* a whole weeke by daies,
Did haunt you in the fie'd.
Æne. Health to you valiant ſir,
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can thinke or courage execute.
Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme, and ſo long helth:
Lul'd when contention, and occaſion meete,
By *Ioue* ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuite, and pollicy.
Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lyon that will flie,
With his face back-ward, in humane gentleneſſe:
Welcome to Troy, now by *Anchiſes* life,
Welcome indeed: by *Venus* hand I ſwere:
No man aliue can loue in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.
Diom. We ſimpathize. *Ioue* let *Æneas* liue
(If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)
A thouſand compleate courſes of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him die:
With euery ioynt a wound and that to morrow----.
Æne. We know each other well?
Diom. We do and long to know each other worſe.
Par. This is the moſt deſpightfull gentle greeting,
The nobleſt hatefull loue that ere I heard of, what buſineſſe
Lord ſo earely?
Æne. I was ſent for to the King? but why I know not.
Par. His purpoſe meetes you? 'twas to bring this Greeke,
To *Calcho's* houſe, and there to render him:
For the enfreed *Anthenor* the faire *Creſſid*,
Lets haue your company, or if you pleaſe,
Haſt there before vs. I conſtantly beleeue,
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night,
Rouſe him and giue him note of our approch,
With the whole quality wherefore:

I feare

I feare we ſhall be much vnwelcome.
Æneas. That I aſſure you: *Troylus* had rather Troy were
borne to Greece, then *Creſſeid* borne from Troy.
Paris. There is no helpe,
The bitter diſpoſition of the time will haue it ſo:
On Lord, weele follow you.
Æneas. Good morrow all.
Paris. And tell me noble *Diomed*, faith tell me true,
Euen in ſoule of ſound good fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts, deſerues faire *Helen* beſt,
My ſelfe, or *Menelaus*?
Diom. Both alike.
Hee merits well to haue her that doth ſeeke her,
Not making any ſcruple of her ſoyle,
With ſuch a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not pallating the taſte of her diſhonour
With ſuch a coſtly loſſe of wealth and friends,
He like a puling Cuckold would drinke vp,
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:
You like a letcher out of whoriſh loynes,
Are pleaſd to breed out your inheritors,
Both merits poyzd, each weighs nor leſſe nor more,
But he as he, the heauier for a whore.
Paris. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Diom. Shees bitter to her country, heare me *Paris*,
For euery falſe drop in her bawdy veines,
A Grecians life hath ſunke: for euery ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion waight,
A Troyan hath beene ſlaine. Since ſhe could ſpeake,
Shee hath not giuen ſo many good words breath,
As for her Greekes and Troyans ſuffred death.
Paris. Faire *Diomed* you do as chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that they deſire to buy,
But we in ſilence hold this vertue well,
Weele not commend, what wee intend to ſell. Heere lyes
our way. *Exeunt.* *Enter Troylus and Creſſeida.*
Troy. Deere, trouble not your ſelfe, the morne is colde,

Cref. Then ſweet my Lord ile call mine vncle downe,
Hee ſhall vnbolt the gates.
Troyl. Trouble him not.
To bed to bed: ſleepe kill thoſe pritty eyes,
And giue as ſoft attachment to thy ſences,
As infants empty of all thought.
Cref. Good morrow then.
Troyl. I prithee now to bed.
Cref. Are you a weary of me?
Troyl. O *Creſſeida*! but that the buſie day,
Wak't by the Larke hath rouzd the ribald Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our ioyes no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cref. Night hath beene too briefe.
Tro. Beſhrew the witch! with venemous wights ſhe ſtaies
As tediouſly as hell, But flies the graſpes of loue,
With wings more momentary ſwift then thought,
You will catch colde and curſe me.
Cref. Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry,
O fooliſh *Creſſeid*, I might haue ſtill held of,
And then you would haue tarried. Harke ther's one vp.
Pand. Whats all the doores open heere?
Troyl. It is your Vncle.
Cref. A peſtilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I ſhall haue ſuch a life.
Pand. How now, how now, how go maiden-heads,
Heere you maide, where's my cozin *Creſſeid*?
Cref. Go hang your ſelfe, you naughty mocking vncle,
You bring me to doo--and then you ſloute me to.
Pand. To do what, to do what? let her ſay what,
What haue I brought you to doe?
Cref. Come, come, beſhrew your heart, youle nere be good,
nor ſuffer others.
Pand. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *chipochia*, haſt
not ſlept to night? would hee not (a naughty man) let it
ſleepe, a bug-beare take him.
Cref. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith' head.
Who's that at doore, good vncle go and ſee. *Our knocks.*

My

My Lord, come you againe into my chamber,
You ſmile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
Troyl. Ha, ha.
Cref. Come you are deceiued, I thinke of no ſuch thing,
How earneſtly they knock, pray you come in. *Knock.*
I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you ſeene here, *Exeunt.*
Pand. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate
downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?
Æne. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.
Pand. Who's there my Lord *Æneas*? by my troth I knew
you not: what newes with you ſo early?
Æne. Is not Prince *Troylus* heere?
Pand. Here, what ſhould he do here?
Æne. Come he is here, my Lord, do not deny him,
It doth import him much to ſpeake with me.
Pan. Is he here ſay you? its more then I know ile be ſworne
For my owne part I came in late: what ſhould hee doe
here?
Æne. Who, nay then! Come, come, youle do him wrong,
ere you are ware, youle be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him:
Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.
Troyl. How now, whats the matter?
Æne. My Lord, I ſcarce haue leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh: there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Anthenor*
Deliuer'd to him, and forth-with,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this houre,
We muſt giue vp to *Diomedes* hand
The Lady *Creſſeida*.
Troyl. Is it ſo concluded?
Æne. By *Priam* and the generall ſtate of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Troyl. How my atchiuements mock me,
I will go meete them: and my Lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance, you did not finde me here.
Æn Good, good my lord, the ſecrets of neighbor *Pandar*
Haue not more guift in taciturnitie. *Exeunt.*

H *Pand.*

Pand. Ist possible: no sooner got but lost, the diuell take *Anthenor*, the young Prince will go madde, a plague vpon *Anthenor*. I would they had brok's neck.

Enter Cress. How now? what's the matter? who was heere?

Pand. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly, wher's my Lord? gone? tell me sweete Vncle, whats the matter.

Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am aboue.

Cres. O the Gods, whats the matter?

Pand. Pray thee get thee in: would thou hadst neere been borne. I knew thou wouldest be his death. O poore Gentleman, a plague vpon *Anthenor*.

Cres. Good vncle, I beseech you on my knees, whats the matter?

Pand. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone: thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*. Thou must to thy father and bee gone from *Troylus*, twill be his death, twill bee his bane, hee cannot beare it.

Cres. O, your immortall Gods, I will not go.

Pand. Thou must.

Cres. I will not Vncle. I haue forgot my father,
I know no touch of consanguinitie,
No kinne, no loue, no bloud, no soule so neere me
As the sweete *Troylus*. O you gods diuine,
Make *Cressids* name the very crowne of falsehood,
If euer she leaue *Troylus*. Time, force and death,
Do to this body what extreames you can,
But the strong base, and building of my loue,
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. Ile go in and weepe.

Pand. Do, do.

Cres. Teare my bright haire, & scratch my praised cheekes,
Crack my cleare voyce with sobs, and breake my heart,
With sounding *Troylus*: I will not go from Troy.

Enter Paris, Troyl. Æneas, Deiphob, Anth. Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt,
For her deliuery to this valiant Greeke,
Comes fast vpon: good my brother *Troylus*

Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
And hast her to the purpose.

Troy. Walke into her house,
Ile bring her to the Grecian presently.
And to his hand when I deliuer her,
Thinke it an altar, and thy brother *Troylus*
A priest there offring to it his owne heart.

Paris. I know what tis to loue.
And would, as I shall pitty I could helpe:
Please you walke in my Lords? *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan: Be moderate, be moderate.

Cress. Why tell you me of moderation?
The griefe is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
And violenteth in a sence as strong
As that which causeth it, how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affections,
Or brew it to a weake and coulder palat,
The like alayment could I giue my griefe:
My loue admittes no qualifying drosse,
No more my griefe in such a precious losse.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, a sweete ducks.

Cres. Oh *Troylus*, *Troylus*.

Pan. What a paire of spectacles is here, let me embrace too, Oh heart, as the goodly saying is, Oh heart, heauy heart, why sighst thou without breaking: where hee answers againe, because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendshippe nor by speaking: there was neuer a truer rime. Let vs cast away nothing, for wee may liue to haue need of such a verse, We see it, we see it, how now lambs?

Troy. Cressid I loue thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest Gods as angry with my fancy:
More bright in zeale then the deuotion, which
Cold lippes blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Haue the Gods enuy?

Pan. I, I, I, I, tis to plaine a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Troy. A hatefull truth.
Cref. What and from *Troylus* to?
Troy. From Troy, and *Troylus*.
Creff. Is't poſſible?
Troy. And ſuddenly, where iniury of chance
Puts back, leaue taking, iuſsles roughly by:
All time of pauſe: rudely beguiles our lippes:
Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents
Our lock't embraſures, ſtrangles our dere vowes,
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath:
We two that with ſo many thouſand ſighes,
Did buy each other, muſt poorely ſell our ſelues:
With the rude breuity, and diſcharge of one,
Iniurious time now with a robbers haſt,
Cram's his ritch theeu'ry vp hee knowes not how.
As many farewells as be ſtarres in heauen.
With diſtinct breath, and conſignde kiſſes to them,
He fumbles vp into a looſe adewe:
And skants vs with a ſingle famiſht kiſſe,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken teares.
Æneas within. My Lord is the Lady ready?
Troy. Harke, you are call'd, ſome ſay the *Genius*
Cries ſo to him that inſtantly muſt die,
Bid them haue patience ſhe ſhall come anon.
Pan. Where are my teares raine to lay this winde, or my
heart wilbe blowne vp by my throate.
Creſſ. I muſt then to the Grecians.
Troy. No remedy?
Creſſ. A wofull *Creſſid* 'mongſt the merry Greekes,
When ſhall we ſee againe.
Troy. Here mee loue: be thou but true of heart.
Creſ. I true? how how? what wicked deme is this?
Troy. Nay we muſt vſe expoſtulation kindely,
For it is parting from vs.
I ſpeake not be thou true as fearing thee.
For I will throw my gloue to death himſelfe,
That there is no maculation in thy heart:
But bee thou true ſay I to faſhion in.

My ſequent proteſtation, bee thou true, and I will ſee thee.
Creſ. Oh you ſhalbe expoſ'd my Lord to dangers,
As infinite as imminent: but ile be true.
Troy. And ile grow friend with danger, were this ſleeue.
Creſ. And you this gloue, when ſhall I ſee you?
Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian centinells,
To giue thee nightly viſitation, but yet be true.
Creſ. Oh heauens be true againe?
Troy. Here why I ſpeake it loue,
The Grecian youths are full of quality,
And ſwelling ore with arts and excerciſe:
How nouelty may moue, and parts with portion,
Alas a kinde of Godly iealouſie,
(Which I beſeech you cal a vertuous ſinne,)
Makes me afeard.
Creſ. Oh heauens you loue mee not!
Troy. Die I a villaine then,
In this I do not call your faith in queſtion:
So mainely as my merit. I cannot ſing
Nor heele the high lauolt, nor ſweeten talke,
Nor play at ſubtill games, faire vertues all:
To which the Grecians are moſt prompt and pregnant,
But I can tell that in each grace of theſe:
There lurkes a ſtill, and dumb-diſcourſiue diuell
That tempts moſt cunningly, but be not tempted.
Creſ. Do you thinke I will?
Troy. No, but ſomthing may be done that we will not,
And ſometimes we are diuells to our ſelues:
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changefull potency.
Eneas within. Nay good my Lord?
Troy. Come kiſſe, and let vs part.
Paris within. Brother *Troylus*?
Troy. Good brother come you hither?
And bring *Eneas* and the Grecian with you.
Creſ. My Lord will you be true?
Troy. Who I, alas it is my vice, my fault,
Whiles others fiſh with craft for great opinion,

I with great truth catch mere simplicity,
Whilst some with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plainesse I do wear mine bare:
Feare not my truth, the morrall of my wit,
Is plaine and true? ther's all the reach of it,
Welcome sir *Diomed*, here is the Lady,
Which for *Antenor* we deliuer you.
At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way possesse thee what she is
Entreate her faire, and by my soule faire Greeke,
If ere thou stand at mercy of my sword:
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shalbe as safe,
As *Priam* is in Illion?

Diom. Faire Ladie *Cressid*,
So please you saue the thankes this Prince expects.
The lustre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire visage, and to *Diomed*,
You shalbe mistres, and command him wholy.

Troy. Grecian thou do'lt not vse me curteously,
To shame the seale of my petition to thee:
In praising her. I tell thee Lord of Greece,
She is as farre high soaring ore thy praises:
As thou vnworthy to be call'd her seruant,
I charge thee vse her well, euen for my charge:
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard,
Ile cut thy throate.

Diom. Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troylus*,
Let me be priueledg'd by my place and message:
To be a speaker free? when I am hence,
Ile answer to my lust, and know you Lord
Ile nothing do on charge, to her owne worth,
Shee shalbe priz'd: but that you say be't so,
I speake it in my spirit and honour no.

Troy. Come to the port Ile tel thee *Diomed*,
This braue shall oft make thee to hide thy head,
Lady giue me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne selues bend we our needfull talke.

Paris,

Paris. Harke *Hectors* trumpet?

Æne. How haue we spent this morning?
The Prince must thinke me tardy and remisse,
That swore to ride before him to the field,

Par. Tis *Troylus* fault, come, come, to field with him. *Exeu.*

Enter Aiax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agam.
Menelaus, Vlisses, Nestor, Calcas, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,
Anticipating time. With starting courage,
Giue with thy trumpet a loude note to Troy
Thou dreadfull *Aiax* that the appauled aire,
May pearce the head of the great Combatant, and hale him hither.

Aiax. Thou, trumpet, ther's my purse,
Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brasen pipe:
Blow villaine, till thy sphered Bias cheeke,
Out-swell the collick of puft *Aquilon*,
Come stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout bloud:
Thou blowest for *Hector.*

Vliss No trumpet answers.

Achil. Tis but early daies.

Aga. Is not yond *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter.

Vliss. Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Aga Is this the Lady *Cressid*?

Diom. Euen she.

Aga. Most deerely welcome to the Greekes sweete Lady.

Nest. Our generall doth salute you with a kisse.

Vliss. Yet is the kindnesse but particular, twere better shee were kist in general. (*Nestor.*

Nest. And very courtly counsell. Ile beginne: so much for

Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady,
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patro. But thats no argument for kissing now,
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment,
And parted thus, you and your argument.

Vliſſ. Oh deadly gull and theame of all our ſcornes,
For which we loole our heads to guild his hornes.
Patro. The firſt was *Menelaus* kiſſe this mine,
Patrolus kiſſes you.
Mene. Oh this is trim.
Patr. *Paris* and I kiſſe enermore for him.
Mene. Ile haue my kiſſe ſir? Lady by your leaue.
Creſ. In kiſſing do you render or receiue.
Patr. Both take and giue.
Creſ. Ile make my match to liue,
The kiſſe you take is better then you giue: therefore no kiſſe.
Mene. Ile giue you boote, ile giue you three for one.
Creſ. You are an od man giue euen or giue none.
Mene. An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.
Creſ. No *Paris* is not, for you know tis true,
That you are odde and he is euen with you.
Mene. You fillip me a'th head.
Creſ. No ile be ſworne.
Vliſſ. It were no match, your naile againſt his horne,
May I ſweete Lady begge a kiſſe of you.
Creſ. You may. *Vliſſ.* I do deſire it.
Creſ. Why begge then.
Vliſ. Why then for *Veneres* ſake giue me a kiſſe,
When *Helen* is a maide againe and his ——————
Creſ. I am your debtor, claime it when tis due.
Vliſ. Neuers my day, and then a kiſſe of you.
Diom. Lady a word, ile bring you to your father.
Neſt. A woman of quick ſence.
Vliſſ. Fie, fie vpon her,
There's language in her eye, her cheeke her lip,
Nay her foote ſpeakes, her wanton ſpurits looke out
At euery ioynt and motiue of her body,
Oh theſe encounterers ſo glib of tongue,
That giue a coaſting welcome ere it comes.
And wide vnclapſe the tables of their thoughts,
To euery ticklish reader, ſet them downe,
For ſluttiſh ſpoiles of opportunity.
And daughters of the game. *Flowriſh, enter all of Troy, and All.*

All. The Troyans trumpet.
Aga. Yonder comes the troup.
Æne. Haile all the ſtate of Greece: what ſhalbe done,
To him that victory commands, or doe you purpoſe,
A victor ſhalbe knowne, will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other, or ſhall they be diuided,
By any voice or order of the field, *Hector* bad aske?
Aga. Which way would *Hector* haue it?
Æne. He cares not, he'le obay condicions.
Aga: Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deale miſpriſing:
The knight oppoſ'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles* ſir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles* nothing.
Ene: Therefore *Achilles*, but what ere know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themſelues in *Hector*
The one almoſt as infinite as all,
The other blanke as nothing, way him well:
And that which lookes like pride is curteſie,
This *Aiax* is halfe made of *Hectors* bloud,
In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* ſtaies at home,
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector* comes to ſeeke:
This blended knight halfe Troyan, and halfe Greeke.
Achil. A maiden battell then, Oh I perceiue you.
Aga Here is ſir *Diomed*? go gentle knight,
Stand by our *Aiax*. As you and Lord *Eneas*
Conſent vpon the order of their fight,
So be it, either to the vttermoſt,
Or els a breath, the combatants being kin,
Halfe ſtints their ſtrife, before their ſtrokes begin.
Vliſſes: what Troyan is that ſame that lookes ſo heauy?
Vliſ. The yongeſt ſonne of *Priam*, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet match'leſſe firme of word,
Speaking deeds, and deedleſſe in his tongue,
Not ſoone prouok't nor being prouok't ſoone calm'd,
His heart and hand both open and both free.

For what he has he giues, what thinkes he shewes,
Yet giues hee not till iudgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impare thought with breath;
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous,
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender obiects, but he in heate of action,
Is more vindicatiue then iealous loue.
They call him *Troylus*, and on him erect,
A second hope as fairely built as *Hector:*
Thus saies *Æneas* one that knowes the youth,
Euen to his yches: and with priuate soule
Did in great Illion thus translate him to me. *Alarum.*
Aga. They are in action.
Nest. Now *Aiax* hould thine owne.
Troy. Hector thou sleep'st awake thee.
Aga. His blowes are well dispo'd, there *Aiax.* *trumpets*
Diom. You must no more. *cease.*
Æne. Princes enough so please you.
Aiax. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.
Diom. As *Hector* pleases.
Hect. Why then will I no more,
Thou art great Lord my fathers sisters Sonne,
A couzen german to great *Priams* seede,
The obligation of our bloud forbids,
A gory emulation twixt vs twaine:
Were thy commixtion Greeke and Troyan so,
That thou couldst say this hand is Grecian all:
And this is Troyan, the sinnewes of this legge
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my mothers bloud,
Runnes on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister
Bounds in my fathers. By *Ioue* multipotent
Thou shouldst not beare from mee a Greekish member,
Wherein my sword had not impressure made.
But the iust Gods gainsay,
That any day thou borrowd'st from thy mother,
My sacred Aunt, should by my mortal sword,
Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Aiax:*
By him that thunders thou hast lusty armes,

Hector

Hector would haue them fall vpon him thus.
Cozen all honor to thee.
Aiax. I thanke thee *Hector,*
Thou art to gentle, and too free a man,
I came to kill thee cozen, and beare hence,
A great addition earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neeptolymus* so mirable,
On whose bright crest, fame with her lowdst (O yes)
Cries, this is he, could promise to himselfe,
A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector.*
Æne. There is expectance heere from both the sides,
What further you will do.
Hect. Weele answer it,
The issue is embracement, *Aiax* farewell.
Aiax. If I might in entreaties finde successe,
As seld I haue the chance, I would desire,
My famous cosin to our Grecian tents.
Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnons* wish, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see vnarm'd the valiant *Hector.*
Hect. *Æneas* call my brother *Troylus* to me.
And signifie this louing enterview
To the expectors of our Troyan part,
Desire them home. Giue me thy hand my Cozen.
I will go eate with thee, and see your Knights.
Aiax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs heere.
Hect. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles* my owne searching eyes,
Shall finde him by his large and portly size.
Agam. Worthy all armes, as welcome as to one,
That would be rid of such an enemy.
From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.
Hect. I thanke thee most imperious *Agamemnon.*
Agam. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no leffe to you.
Mene. Let me confirme my princely brothers greeting:
You brace of warlike brothers: welcome hether.
Hect. Who must we answer?
Æne. The noble *Menelaus.*
Hect. O you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thankes,

(Mock not thy affect, the vntraded earth)
Your *quandom* wife sweares still by *Venus* gloue,
Shees well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now sir, shee's a deadly theame.
Hect. O pardon, I offend.
Nest. I haue thou gallant Troyan seene thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruell way,
Through rankes of Greekish youth, and I haue seene thee
As hot as *Perseus*, spurre thy Phrigian steed,
Despising many forfaits and subduments,
When thou hast hung th'aduanced sword ith'ayre,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I haue said to some my standers by,
Loe *Iupiter* is yonder dealing life.
And I haue seene thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue shrupd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrastling. This haue I seene,
But this thy countenance still lockt in steele,
I neuer saw till now: I knew thy grand-sire,
And once fought with him, he was a soldier good,
But by great *Mars* the Captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee: O let an old man embrace thee,
And worthy warriour welcome to our tents.
Æne. Tis the old *Nestor*.
Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That hast so long walkt hand in hand with time,
Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nest. I would my armes could match thee in contention.
Hect. I would they could. (row.
Nest. Ha? by this white beard Ide fight with thee to mor-
Well, welcome, welcome, I haue seene the time.
Vlis. I wonder now how yonder City stands,
When we haue here her base and piller by vs?
Hect. I know your fauour lord *Vlisses* well,
Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since first I saw your selfe and *Diomed*,
In Ilion on your Greekish embassie.
Vlis. Sir I fortetold you then what would ensue,

My

My prophecie is but halfe his iourney yet,
For yonder walls that pertly front your towne,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,
Must kisse their owne feete.
Hect. I must not beleeue you.
There they stand yet, and modestly I thinke,
The fall of euery Phrigian stone will cost,
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
And that old common arbitrator Time, will one day end it.
Vlis. So to him we leaue it.
Most gentle and most valiant *Hector*, welcome:
After the Generall, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee lord *Vlisses* thou:
Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes on thee, (by ioint.
I haue with exact view perus'de thee *Hector*, & quoted ioynt
Hect. Is this *Achilles*? *Achil.* I am *Achilles*.
Hect. Stand faire I pray thee, let me looke on thee,
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay I haue done already.
Achil. Thou art too briefe, I will the second time,
As I would buie thee, view thee limb by limb,
Hect. O like a booke of sport thou'lt read me ore:
But ther's more in me then thou vnderstandst,
Why doost thou so oppresse me with thine eye.
Achil. Tell me you heauens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him: whether there, or there, or there,
That I may giue the locall wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hectors great spirit flew: answer me heauens.
Hect. It would discredit the blest gods proud man,
To answer such a question: stand againe,
Thinkst thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice coniecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead.
Achil. I tell thee yea.
Hect. Wert thou an Oracle to tell me so,
Ide not beleeue thee. Hence-forth garde thee well,

For

For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that stichied *Mars* his helme.
Ile kill thee euery where, yea ore and ore.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence drawes folly from my lips,
But ile endeuour deeds to match these words,
Or may I neuer ———

Aiax. Do not chafe thee cozen.
And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you too't,
You may haue euery day enough of *Hector*,
If you haue stomack. The generall state I feare,
Can scarce entreate you to be odde with him.

Hect. I pray you let vs see you in the field,
We haue had pelting warres since you refusd, the Grecians
Achil. Doost thou entreate me *Hector*? (cause.
To morow do I meet thee fell as death: to night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand vpon that match.

Agam. First all you Peeres of Greece, go to my tent,
There in the full conuiue we: afterwards
As *Hectors* leisure, and your bounties shall
Concurre together, seuerally entreate him
To taste your bounties, let the trumpets blowe,
That this great souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt.*

Troy. My Lord *Vlisses*, tell me I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calcas* keepe.

Vlis. At *Menelaus* tent, most princely *Troylus*:
There *Diomed* doth feast with him to night,
Who neither lookes vpon the heauen nor earth,
But giues all gaze, and bent of amorous view,
On the faire *Cressid.*

Troyl. Shall I sweete Lord be bound to you so much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* tent,
To bring me thether.

Vlis. You shall command me sir.
But gentle tell me of what honor was
This *Cressida* in Troy? had she no louer there
That wailes her absence?

Troyl.

Tro. O sir to such as bosting shew their skarres,
A mocke is due; will you walke on my Lord,
Shee was beloued my Lord, she is, and doth,
But still sweet loue is food for fortunes tooth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Ach. Ile heate his blood with greekish wine to night,
Which with my Cemitar ile cool to morrow,
Patroclus let vs feast him to the hight

Pat. Here comes *Therstes.* *Enter Therstes.*

Ach. How now thou curre of enuy.
Thou crusty batch of nature whats the news?

The. Why thou picture of what thou seemest, and Idoll,
Of idiot worshippers, heers a letter for thee.

Ach. From whence fragment.

The. Why thou full dish of foole from Troy,

Pat. Who keeps the tent now.

The. The Surgeons box or the pacients wound.

Pat. Well said aduersity, and what needs this tricks,

The. Prithee be silent box I profit not by thy talke,
Thou art said to be *Achilles* male varlot,

Pat. Male varlot you rogue whats that.

The. Why his masculine whore, now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts griping ruptures: loades a grauell in the back, lethergies, could palsies, rawe eies, durtrottē liuers, whissing lungs, bladders full of impostume. Sciaticaes lime-kills ith' palme, incurable bone-ach, and the riueled fee simple of the tetter, take and take againe such prepostorous discoueries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou what meanes thou to curse thus.

The. do I curse thee.

Pat. Why no you ruinous but, you horson indistinguish-able cur, no.

The. No why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skeine of sleiue silke, thou greene sacenet flap for a sore eye, thou toslell of a prodigalls purse-thou ah how the poore world is pestred with such water flies, diminitiues of nature.

Pat. Out gall. *Ther.* Finch egge.

Achil. My sweet *Patroclus* I am thwarted quite,
From my great purpose into morrowes battell,
Here is a letter from Queene *Hecabe*;
A token from her daughter my faire loue
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe:
An oth that I haue sworne: I wil not breake it,
Fall Greekes, fayle fame, honour or go or stay,
My *mator* vow lies here; this ile obay,
Come, come, *Therſites* help to trim my tent?
This night in banquetting must al be spent, away *Patroclus*.

Ther. With to much bloud, and to little braine, these two may run mad, but if with to much braine and to little bloud they do ile be a curer of mad-men, her's *Agamemnon*, an honest fellow inough, and one that loues quailes, but hee has not so much braine as eare-wax, and the goodly transformation of *Iupiter* there, his be the Bull, the primitiue statue, and oblique memorial of cuck-olds, a thrifty shooing-horne in a chaine at his bare legge, to what forme but that hee is, should wit larded with malice, and malice faced with witte, turne him to: to an Asse, were nothing hee is both Asse and Oxe, to an Oxe were nothing, her's both Oxe and Asse, to be a day, a Moyle, a Cat, a Fichooke, a Tode, a Lezard, an Oule, a Puttock, or a Herring without a rowe. I would not care, but to bee *Menelaus* I would conspire against destiny, aske me what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*, for Ieare not to be the Louse of a Lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*---hey-day sprites and fires.

Enter Agam: Vliſſes, Neſt: and Diomed with lights.

Aga. We go wrong we goe wrong.
Aiax. No, yonder tis there where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you. *Aiax.* No not a whit:
Vliſ. Here comes himselfe to guide you.
Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.
Aga. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid God night,
Aiax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greekes generall.
Mene. Good night my Lord.

Hect.

Hect. Good night sweet Lord *Menelaus*.
Ther. Sweet draught, sweet quoth a, sweet sinke, sweet sure.
Achil. Good night and welcome both to those that go or tarry. *Aga.* Good night. *Exeunt Agam: Menelaus.*
Achil. Old *Nector* tarries, and you to *Diomed*.
Keepe *Hector* company an houre or two.
Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue important buſineſſe,
The tide whereof is now, good night great *Hector*.
Hect. Giue me your hand.
Vliſ. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calcas* tent, ile keepe you company. *Troy.* Sweet sir you honor me?
Hect. And so good night. *Exeunt.*
Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

Ther. That same *Diomeds* a false hearted roague, a most vniust knaue, I will no more trust him when hee leeres, then I will a serpent when hee hisses, hee will spend his mouth and promise like brabler the hound, but when he performes, Astronomers foretell it, it is prodigious, there will come some change, the Sonne borrowes of the Moone when *Diomed* keepes his word, I will rather leaue to see *Hector* then not to dog him, they say hee keepes a Troyan drab, and vses the traytor *Calcas* tent. Ile after---nothing but letchery all incontinent varlots. *Enter Domed.*

Dio. What are you vp here ho? speake? *Chal.* Who calls?
Dio. Diomed, *Chalcas* I thinke wher's your daughter?
Cal. She comes to you.
Vliſ. Stand, where the torch may not discouer vs.
Troy. Creſſid comes forth to him. *Enter Creſſid.*
Dio. How now my charge.
Creſ. Now my sweet gardian, harke a word with you.
Troy. Yea so familiar?
Vliſ. She will sing any man at first sight.
Ther. And any man may sing her, if hee can take her Cliff, she's noted. *Dio.* Will you remember?
Cal. Remember yes: (your words.
Dio. Nay but do then and let your minde be coupled with
Troy. What shall she remember. *Vliſ.* List?
Creſ. Sweet hony Greeke tempt me no more to folly.

Ther: Roguery. *Dio.* Nay then:
Creſe: Ile tell you what.
Dio: Fo, fo, come tell a pin you are forſworne.
Creſ: In faith I cannot, what would you haue me do?
Ther: A iugling tricke to be ſecretly open,
Dio: What did you ſweare you would beſtow on me?
Creſ: I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me do any thing but that ſweete Greeke.
Dio: Good night.
Troy. Hold patience.
Vliſ. How now Troyan. *Creſ.* Diomed.
Dio. No, no, good night Ile be your foole no more.
Troy: Thy better muſt.
Creſ: Harke a word in your eare.
Troy: O plague and madneſſe!
Vliſ: You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray
Least your diſpleaſure ſhould inlarge it ſelfe
To wrathfull tearmes, this place is dangerous:
The time right deadly, I beſeech you goe.
Troy: Behold I pray you.
Vliſ: Now good my Lord go off.
You flow to great diſtruction, come my Lord.
Troy: I prethee ſtay.
Vliſ: You haue not patience, come.
Troy: I pray you ſtay; by hell, and all hells torments,
I will not ſpeake a word.
Dio: And ſo good night.
Creſ: Nay but you part in anger.
Troy: Doth that grieue thee, O withered truth.
Vliſ How now my Lord?
Troy: By *Ioue* I will be patient.
Creſ: Guardant? why *Greeke*? *Dio:* Fo fo you palter.
Creſ. In faith I doe not, come hether once againe.
Vliſ: You ſhake my Lord at ſomething, will you goe: you
wil breake out.
Troy. She ſtroakes his cheeke. *Vliſ.* Come, come.
Troy. Nay ſtay, by *Ioue* I will not ſpeake a word.
There is betweene my will and all offences

A guard of patience, ſtay a little while.
Ther: How the diuell *Luxury* with his fat rumpe and po-
tato finger, tickles together; fye lechery fye.
Dio: Will you then?
Creſ: In faith I will lo, neuer truſt me elſe.
Dio: Giue me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Creſ: Ile fetch you one. *Exit.*
Vliſ: You haue ſworne patience.
Troy: Feare me not my Lord.
I will not be my ſelfe, nor haue cognition
Of what I feele, I am all patience: *Enter Creſſ.*
Ther: Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Creſ: Heere *Diomed* keepe this ſleeue.
Troy: O beauty where is thy faith!
Vliſ: My Lord
Troy: You looke vpon that ſleeue behold it well,
He loued me (oh falſe wench) giu't me againe:
Dio: Whoſe was't?
Creſ: It is no matter now I ha't againe.
I will not meete with you to morrow night:
I prethee *Diomed* viſite me no more.
Ther: Now ſhee ſharpens, well ſaid *Whetſtone.*
Dio I ſhall haue it. *Dio:* I that.
Creſ: What this?
Creſ: O all you gods; O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy maiſter now lyes thinking on his bed
Of thee and mee, and ſighes, and takes my gloue,
And giues memoriall dainty kiſſes to it, as I kiſſe thee.
Dio: Nay do not ſnatch it from me.
Creſ: He that takes that doth take my heart withall.
Dio: I had your heart before, this followes it.
Troy: I did ſweare patience.
You ſhall not haue it *Diomed*, faith you ſhall not,
Ile giue you ſomething elſe.
Dio: I will haue this, whoſe was it?
Creſ: It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whoſe it was?
Creſ. Twas one's that lou'd me better then you will,

But now you haue it take it.

Dio: VVhose was it?

Cres: And by all *Dianas* wayting women yond
And by her selfe I will not tell you whose.

Dio: To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troy: VVert thou the diuell, and wor'st it on thy horne,
It should be challengd.

Cres: VVell, well, 'tis done, 'tis past: and yet it is not,
I will not keepe my word.

Dio: VVhy then farewell, thou neuer shalt mocke *Diomed* againe.

Cres: You shall not go: one cannot speake a word but it straight starts you.

Dio: I doe not like this fooling.

Ther: Nor I by *Pluto*; but that that likes not you, pleases me best.

Dio: VVhat shall I come? the houre--

Cres: I come; O *Ioue*: do come, I shall be plagued.

Dio: Farewell till then.

Cres: Good night, I prethee come:
Troylus farewell, one eye yet lookes on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see,
Ah poore our sex, this fault in vs I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind,
VVhat error leads must err: O then conclude,
Mindes swayd by eyes are full of turpitude. *Exit.*

Ther: A proofe of strength, she could not publish more,
Vnlesse she'd said my mind is now turn'd whore.

Vlis: All's done my Lord. *Troy:* It is.

Vlis: VVhy stay we then?

Troy: To make a recordation to my soule
Of euery syllable that here was spoke:
But if I tell how these two did Court,
Shall I not lye in publishing a truth,
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinatly strong,
That doth inuert th'attest of eyes and eares,

As

As if those organs were deceptions functions,
Created onely to calumniate. Was *Cressëid* heere?

Vlis. I cannot coniure Troyan.

Troyl. Shee was not sure.

Vlis. Most sure she was.

Troy. Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse.

Vlis. Nor mine my Lord: *Cressëid* was heere but now.

Troyl. Let it not be beleeu'd for woman-hood.
Thinke we had mothers, do not giue aduantage
To stubborne Critiques apt without a theme
For depr auation, to square the generall sex
By *Cressëids* rule. Rather thinke this not *Cressëid.*

Vli. What hath she done Prince that cã spoile our mothers.

Troyl. Nothing at all vnlesse that this were she.

Ther. Will a swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes.

Troyl. This she, no this is *Diomeds Cressëida,*
If beauty haue a soule this is not shee:
If soules guide vowes, if vowes be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods delight:
If there be rule in vnitie it selfe,
This was not shee: O madnesse of discourse,
That cause sets vp with and against it selfe,
By-fould authority: where reason can reuolt
Without perdition, and loosse assume all reason,
Without reuolt. This is and is not *Cressëid,*
Within my soule there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparat,
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:
And yet the spacious bredth of this diuision,
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle,
As *Ariathna's* broken woofe to enter,
Instance, O instance strong as *Plutoes* gates,
Cressëid is mine tied with the bonds of heauen,
Instance, O instance, strong as heauen it selfe,
The bonds of heauen are slipt, dissolu'd and loosd,
And with another knot finde finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her loue,
The fragments, scraps, the bitts and greazie reliques,

Of

Of her ore-eaten faith, are giuen to *Diomed*.
Vlis. May worthy *Troylus* be haife attached
With that which heere his passion doth expresse?
Troy. I Greeke, and that shall be divulged well
In Characters as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did young man fancy
With so eternall and so fixt a soule.
Harke Greeke, as much I do *Cressid* loue,
So much by waight, hate I her *Diomed*:
That sleeue is mine, that heele beare on his Helme:
VVere it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill
My sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout
VVhich Shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constringd in Masse by the almighty sunne
Shal dizzy with more clamour Neptunes eare, in his discent,
Then shall my prompted sword, falling on *Diomed*.
Ther. Heele ticle it for his concupie.
Troy. O *Cressid*, O false *Cressid*, false, false, false:
Let all vntruthes stand by thy stained name,
And theyle seeme glorious.
Vlis. O containe your selfe,
Your passion drawes eares hether. *Enter Eneas.*
Aene. I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy:
Aiax your guard stayes to conduct you home.
Troy. Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adiew,
Farewell reuoulted faire: and *Diomed*
Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.
Vlis. Ile bring you to the gates.
Troy. Accept distracted thankes.
Exeunt Troyl. Eneas and Vlisses.
Ther. VVould I could meete that roague *Diomed* I would croke like a Rauen, I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus* will giue me any thing for the inteligence of this whore: the Parrot will not do more for an almond then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning diuell take them. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Hector and Andromache.
And. When was my Lord so much vngently temperd,
To stop his eares against admonishment:
Vnarme, vnarme, and do not fight to day.
Hect. You traine me to offend you, get you in,
By all the euerlasting gods Ile go.
And. My dreames will sure prooue ominous to the day.
Hect. No more I say.
Enter Cassandra.
Cas. Where is my brother *Hector*?
And. Here sister, arm'd and bloody in intent,
Consort with me in lowd and deere petition,
Pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreamt
Of bloudy turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but shapes and formes of slaughter.
Cass. O tis true.
Hect. Ho? bid my trumpet sound.
Cres. No notes of sallie for the heauens sweete brother.
Hect. Begon I say, the gods haue heard me sweare,
Cas. The gods are deafe to hotte and peeuish vowes,
They are polluted offrings more abhord,
Then spotted liuers in the sacrifice.
And. O be perswaded, do not count it holy,
It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,
But vowes to euery purpose must not hold:
Vnarme sweet *Hector*.
Hect. Hold you still I say,
Mine honor keepes the weather of my fate:
Life euery man holds deere but the deere man,
Holds honor farre more precious deere then life,
Enter Troylus.
How now yong man, meanest thou to fight to day.
And. Cassandra call my father to perswade. *Exit Cassan.*
Hect. No faith yong *Troylus*, doffe thy harnesse youth,
I am to day ith' vaine of chiualrie,
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre,
Vnarme thee go, and doubt thou not braue boy,

Ile ſtand to day for thee and me and Troy.
Troyl. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a Lion then a man.
Hector. What vice is that ? good *Troylus* chide mee for it.
Troyl. When many times the captiue Grecian falls,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire ſword.
You bid them riſe and liue.
Hect. O tis faire play.
Troyl. Fooles play by heauen *Hector.*
Hect. How now ? how now?
Troyl. For th'loue of all the gods
Lets leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mother,
And when we haue our armors buckled on,
The venomd vengeance ride vpon our ſwords,
Spur them tò ruthfull worke, raine them from ruth.
Hect. Fie ſauage, fie.
Troy. *Hector* then 'tis warres.
Hect. *Troylus* I would not haue you fight to day.
Troyl. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire,
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes ore-galled with recourſe of teares,
Nor you my brother, with your true ſword drawne,
Oppoſd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,

Enter Priam and Caſſandra.

Caſſ. Lay hold vpon him, *Priam* hold him faſt,
He is thy crutch: now if thou looſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Priam. Come *Hector*, come, go back,
Thy wife hath dreamt, thy mother hath had viſions,
Caſſandra doth foreſee, and I my ſelfe,
Am like a prophet ſuddenly enwrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:

There-

Therefore come back.
Hec. *Æneas* is a field,
And I do ſtand, engagd to many Greekes,
Euen in the faith of valour to appeare,
This morning to them.
Priam But thou ſhalt not goe.
Hec. I muſt not breake my faith,
You know me dutifull therefore deere ſir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect, but giue me leaue
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me royall *Priam.*
Caſſ. O *Priam* yeeld not to him.
And. Do not deere father.
Hec. *Andromache* I am offended with you,
Vpon the loue you beare me get you in. *Exit Androm.*
Troy. This fooliſh dreaming ſuperſtitious girle,
Makes all theſe bodements.
Caſ. O farewell deere *Hector.*
Looke how thou dy'eſt, looke how thy eye turnes pale,
Looke how thy wounds do bleed at many vents,
Harke how Troy roares, how *Hecuba* cries out,
How poore *Andromache* ſhrils her dolours foorth,
Behold deſtruction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witleſſe antiques one another meete,
And all crie *Hector*, *Hectors* dead, O *Hector.*
Troyl. Away, away.
Caſ. Farewell, yet ſoft: *Hector* I take my leaue,
Thou do'ſt thy ſelfe and all our Troy deceaue?
Hec. You are amaz'd my liege, at her exclaime,
Goe in and cheere the towne,
Weele forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praiſe, and tell you them at night.
Priam. Farewell, the gods with ſafetie ſtand about thee.

Alarum.

Troyl. They are at it harke, proud *Diomed* beleeue,
I come to looſe my armе, or winne my ſleeue.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Do you heere my Lord, do you heere.

Troyl. What now?

Pand. Heer's a letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me read,

Pand. A whorſon tiſick, a whorſon raſcally tiſick, ſo troubles me, and the fooliſh fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leaue you one ath's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too, and ſuch an ache in my bones, that vnleſſe a man were curſt I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What ſayes ſhe there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter frō the heart,
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Go winde to winde, there turne and change together;
My loue with words and errors ſtill ſhe feedes,
But edifies another with her deedes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites: excurſions.

Therſ. Now they are clapper-clawing one another: Ile go looke on, that diſſembling abhominable varlet *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcuruie dooting fooliſh knaues ſleeue of Troy there in his helme. I would faine ſee them meete, that that ſame young Troyan aſſe that loues the whore there, might ſend that Greekiſh whore-maſterly villaine with the ſleeue, back to the diſſembling luxurious drabbe of a ſleeueleſſe arrant. Ath' tother ſide, the pollicie of thoſe craftie ſwearing raskalls; that ſtale old Mouſe-eaten drye cheeſe *Neſtor*: and that ſame dogge-foxe *Ulyſſes*, is not proou'd worth a Black-berry. They ſet mee vp in pollicie, that mongrill curre *Aiax*, againſt that dogge of as bad a kinde *Achilles*. And now is the curre *Aiax*, prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Where-vpon the Grecians began to proclaime barbariſme, and pollicie growes into an ill opinion. Soft here comes ſleeue & tother.

Troy. Flye not, for ſhouldſt thou take the riuer Stix, I would ſwim after,

Diomed. Thou dooſt miſcall retire,
I doe not flie, but aduantagious care,
With-drew me from the ods of multitude, haue at thee?

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore Troian,

Now

Now the ſleeue, now the ſleeue.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art Greeke, art thou for *Hectors* match.
Art thou of bloud and honour.

Ther. No, no, I am a raſcall, a ſcuruy rayling knaue, a very filthy roague.

Hect. I do beleeue thee, liue.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeue me, but a plague breake thy neck --- for frighting me: whats become of the wenching roagues? I thinke they haue ſwallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle ---- yet in a ſort lechery eates it ſelfe, ile ſeeke them. *Exit.*

Enter Diomed and Seruant.

Dio. Goe go, my ſeruant take thou *Troylus* horſe,
Preſent the faire ſteed to my Lady *Creſſid*,
Fellow commend my ſeruice to her beauty:
Tell her I haue chaſtiſ'd the amorous Troyan,
And am her knight by proofe. *Enter Agamem.*

Man. I goe my Lord.

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamas*,
Hath beate downe *Menon*: baſtard *Margarelon*,
Hath *Doreus* priſoner.
And ſtands *Coloſſus* wiſe wauing his beame,
Vpon the paſhed corſes of the Kings:
Epiſtrophus and *Cedus*, *Polixines* is ſlaine,
Amphimacus and *Thous* deadly hurt,
Patroclus tane or ſlaine, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruiſed, the dreadfull Sagittary,
Appalls our numbers, haſt we *Diomed*,
To re-enforcement or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Go beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the ſnaile-pac't *Aiax* arme for ſhame,
There is a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his horſe,
And there lacks worke, anon he's there a foote:
And there they flie or die, like ſcaling ſculls,
Before the belching Whale, then is he yonder:

And

And there the strawy Greekes ripe for his edge
Fall downe before him like a mowers swath,
Here, there and euery where, he leaues and takes,
Dexterity so obaying appetite,
That what he will he do's, and do's so much:
That proofe is call'd impossibility. *Enter Vlisses.*
Vliss. Oh courage, courage Princes, great *Achilles*,
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance,
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzy bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*
That noseleſſe, handleſſe, hackt and chipt come to him.
Crying on *Hector*, *Aiax* hath loſt a friend,
And foames at mouth, and hee is armde and at it:
Roaring for *Troylus*, who hath done to day,
Madde and fantaſtique execution:
Engaging and redeeming of himſelfe
With ſuch a careleſſe force, and forceleſſe care,
As if that luſt in very ſpight of cunning, bad him win all.
Enter Aiax. Troylus, thou coward *Troylus*. *Exit.*
Dio. I there, there?
Neſt: So, ſo, we draw together. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come, come, thou boy-queller ſhew thy face,
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry
Hector wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. *Exit.*
Enter Aiax. Troylus thou coward *Troylus* ſhew thy head.
Enter Diom. Troylus I ſay wher's *Troylus*?
Aiax. What wouldſt thou.
Diom. I would correct him.
Aiax. Were I the generall thou ſhouldſt haue my office,
Ere that correction? *Troylus* I ſay what *Troylus*.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh traytor *Diomed*, turne thy falſe face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou oweſt me for my horſe.
Dio. Ha art thou there?
Aiax Ile fight with him alone ſtand *Diomed*.

Diom.

Diom. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.
Troy. Come both you cogging Greekes haue at you both.
Hect. Yea *Troylus*, O well fought my yongeſt brother.
Enter Achil: Now do I ſee thee ha, haue at thee *Hector*.
Hect. Pauſe if thou wilt.
Achil. I do diſdaine thy curteſie proud Troyan,
Be happy that my armes are out of vſe:
My reſt and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt here of me againe:
Till when goe ſeeke thy fortune. *Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well.
I would haue beene much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee, how now my brother. *Enter Troyl:*
Troy. Aiax hath tane *Æneas* ſhall it be,
No by the flame of yonder glorious heauen
He ſhall not carry him ile be tane to,
Or bring him off, fate here me what I ſay:
I wreake not though I end my life to day. *Exit.*

Enter one in armour.

Hect: Stand, ſtand thou Greeke, thou art a goodly marke,
No? wilt thou not. I like thy armor well,
Ile fruſh it and vnlocke the riuets all:
But ile be maiſter of it, wilt thou not beaſt abide,
Why then flie on, ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*,
Marke what I ſay, attend me where I wheele:
Strike not a ſtroke, but keepe your ſelues in breth,
And when I haue the bloudy *Hector* found:
Empale him with your weapons round about,
In felleſt manner execut your armes
Follow me ſirs and my proceedings eye,
It is decreed *Hector* the great muſt die. *Exit.*

Enter Therſi: Mene: Paris.

Ther. The cuck-old and the cuck-old-maker are at it, now bull, now dogge lowe, *Paris* lowe, now my double hen'd ſpartan, lowe *Paris*, lowe the bull has the game, ware hornes ho? *Exit Paris and Menelus.*

Enter

Enter Bastard

Bast. Turne slaue and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Bast. A Bastard sonne of *Priams.*
Therſ: I am a bastard too, I loue bastards. I am bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in minde, bastard in valour, in euery thing illigitimate, one beare wil not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? take heed, the quarrells most ominous to vs, if the sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement, farewell bastard.
Bast. The diuell take thee coward. *Exit.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core so faire without,
Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life;
Now is my daies worke done ile take my breth:
Rest sword thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil: Loke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to set,
How ougly night comes breathing at his heeles
Euen with the vaile and darkning of the Sunne,
To close the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.
Hect. I am vnarm'd forgoe this vantage Greeke.
Achil. Strike fellowes strike, this is the man I seeke,
So Illion fall thou next, come Troy sinke downe,
Here lies thy heart, thy sinnewes and thy bone.
On *Myrmydons*, and cry you all amaine,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slaine, *Retreat.*
Harke a retire vpon our Grecian prat.
One: The Troyans trumpet sound the like my Lord,
Achil: The dragon wing of night orespreds the earth,
And stickler-like the armies separates.
My halfe supt sword that frankly would haue fedde,
Pleas'd with this dainty baite: thus goes to bed:
Come tie his body to my horses taile,
Along the field I will the Troyan traile. *Exeunt.*

Enter Agam: Aiax, Mene: Nestor, Dioms: and the rest marching.

Aga. Hark, harke, what is this?

Nest:

Nest. Peace drums.
Sould: within. Achilles, Achilles, Hectors slaine *Achilles.*
Dio. The bruite is *Hectors* slaine and by *Achilles.*
Aiax. If it be so yet bragleſſe let it bee,
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.
Aga. March patiently along: let one bee sent,
To pray *Achilles* see vs at our tent:
If in his death the Gods haue vs befriended.
Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended. *Exeunt.*

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor; Diephobus.

Æne. Stand ho? yet are we masters of the field,

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Neuer goe home, here starue we out the night,
Hector is slaine.
All. Hector! the gods forbid.
Troy. Hee's dead and at the murtherers horses taile,
In beastly sort dragd through the shamefull field:
Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speed,
Sit gods vpon your thrones, and smile at Troy.
I say at once, let your breefe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on.
Æne. My Lord you doe discomfort all the host.
Troy. You vnderstand me not that tell me so,
I do not speake of flight, of feare of death
But dare all immynence that gods and men
Addresse their daungers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who shall tell *Priam* so or *Hecuba?*
Let him that will a screich-ould aye be call'd,
Goe into Troy and say their *Hectors* dead,
There is a word will *Priam* turne to stone,
Make wells and *Niobe's* of the maides and wiues:
Could statues of the youth and in a word,
Scarre Troy out of it selfe, there is no more to say,
Stay yet you proud abhominable tents:
Thus proudly pitcht vpon our Phrigian plaines,
Let *Tytan* rise as earely as he dare,
Ile through, and through you, and thou great siz'd coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:

Ile haunt thee like a wicked conſcience ſtill.
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frienzes thoughts,
Strike a free march, to Troy with comfort goe
Hope of reueng ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But here you, here you.

Troy. Hence broker, lacky, ignomyny, ſhame,
Purſue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

Exeunt all but Pandarus.

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aking bones, O world, world --- thus is the poore agent deſpiſ'd, Oh traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet a worke, and how ill requited, why ſhould our endeuour bee ſo lou'd and the performance ſo loathed, what verſe for it? What inſtance for it? Let me ſee,

Full merrily the humble Bee doth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his hony and his ſting.
And being once ſubdude in armed taile,
Sweet hony, and ſweet notes together faile.
Good traiders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloathes,
As many as be here of *Pandars* hall,
Your eyes halfe out weepe out at *Pandars* fall,
Or if you cannot weepe yet giue ſome grones,
Though not for me yet for my aking bones:
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-ore trade,
Some two monthes hence my will ſhall here be made.
It ſhould be now, but that my feare is this,
Some gauled gooſe of Wincheſter would hiſſe.
Till then ile ſweat and ſeeke about for eaſes,
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes.

FINIS.